The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

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DRESS.

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For High-grade Positions see Hapgood's Advertisement, page 650.

SITUATIONS VACANT AND WANTED.

Advertiser, energetic, young, not afraid of work, like to get in touch with someone with view to starting a money-making scheme (anything workable); travelling no objection.—Please reply by letter to "Jack," 167, High Street, Collier's Wood, Merton, S.W.

PHYSICAL CULTURE, &c.

Physical Culture.—Particulars of a most astounding offer in connection with a world-famed strength course sent free.—Futty, 69, Chiltern Street, Hull.

See "Vertebra" notice, page 647. It will interest you.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

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Conjuring Catalogue Free. Please send early.—Vandy, 193, Regent Street, (Dept. M.M.), London.

"The Modern Man" pocket knife, a treasure, two fine steel blades, in fine English oxydised steel handles, best make, post free 1s. 1½d.; money returned in full if not satisfied.—Box 4596, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

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Twelve of these Coupons and a Postal Order for 1s. buys one of THE MODERN MAN Fountain Pens, with 14-carat solid gold nib.

For particulars see page 652.

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For particulars see page 647.

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The Modern Man

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CHEEK.

If Mr. Winston Churchill had discarded his Ulster, would the Unionists have called him a turn-coat?

* * *

After being in a Newmarket infirmary for five months, that great horse, Swynford, has been saved to the stud. Racing men rejoice that Swynford is not out of collar.

* * *

England's Motto when they beat Ireland by 5 tries to 0: "If at first you don't succeed, try, try, try again."

* * *

A writer in "L. O.," referring to a dance, says: "The ladies should see to it that they who are so now should no longer remain 'solus.'" I wonder if the letters "L. O." really stand for "Latin Orful"?

* * *

A Lincoln Handicap candidate is called Cigar. I hope the animal won't prove to be a "weed."

* * *

Polished Actors: No. 1—Mr. Wilfrid Shine.

* * *

An ingenious person inquires in a contemporary: "Do Women Count?" Bridge players will tell you that their lady opponents che—ahem, I mean, count with remarkable acuteness.

* * *

And, in another sense, women count for more than men, nowadays, anyway.

* * *

A weekly paper publishes a paragraph under the heading: "More Tube Pin-Pricking." It sounds very much like a "bust-up."

* * *

Bachelors say that a combination of spring and leap year will be enough to give them all the jumps.

* * *

At Westminster a school for waiters is to be started, under the auspices of the L.C.C. In the matter of tips, the pupils doubtless will learn to "wait and see."

* * *

It may be after Christmas, but Mr. Justice Darling's remarks to Grosse show that he means to mince spies at any season of the year.

* * *

A modern philosopher is Max Worth. May I be permitted to ask, how much?

* * *

"London poor," echoed a prosperous City Alderman, with an ironical glance at a newspaper headline; "well, that's *rich!*"

* * *

Rugger Query: Why Does A. D. Stoop?

* * *

One of Miss Anna Pavlova's child protégées is Miss June Tripp. Let us hope that she enjoys the good summer holidays that her name suggests.

J. S. Cox.

"FORCING" GOLF LINKS.

At one time it took about two years to get a new golf links fit for play, that is, as far as the grass in general and the putting greens in particular were concerned.

This, however, was too slow for the needs of the ever-growing army of golfers, and nowadays a new golf links can be got "fit" in about six months. This is accomplished by the simple expedient of sowing three or four times as many bushels of grass seed to the acre as the old-time green-keepers and seed merchants ever dreamt of doing.

SMITH v. HEMMERDE.

There is a marked resemblance between the careers of Mr. F. E. Smith, K.C., M.P., and Mr. E. G. Hemmerde, K.C. Both had brilliant careers at Oxford, both won distinction at the Bar in record time, both jumped to the front of their respective political parties.

It is said that while they were at Oxford they, recognising each other's abilities and feeling that there was not room for both of them in the same political camp, agreed to toss which should be Unionist and which Liberal, and thus the spin of a coin decided their political faith.

The story may be cleverly invented, but it is none the less interesting.

KNEW THE LANGUAGE.

Tooterwun Barwun, the penciller, had just come back from a visit to Paris with his wife, so Sixterfore Therfield, a brother bookie, asked him when next they met how he had got on.

"First rate," answered the traveller. "I'd only been there a day or two, when I could parlyvoo like a bloomin' Froggy!"

"Ho!" said the other, with the idea of testing his knowledge. "Then what did yer think o' the *pommes de terre?*"

"Go on, yer blitherin' blighter!" snorted Barwun. "'Ow in blazes should I know. Didn't I tell you I'd got the old woman with me?"

"JINGLE'S" STORY.

At the recent "Bystander" staff dinner Mr. Arnold Golsworthy, the admirable "Jingle" of that journal, told this yarn.

She was a very nervous old lady and she was going to take a cab, a "growler," but first there were many points on which she had to be satisfied: Was the driver of strictly temperate habits, was his horse quiet, would he be sure not to go too fast, and so on. Reassured as to these particulars, the old lady got in and the procession started.

It had not gone very far, however, when it stopped, and the cabman tapped at the window with his whip. The old lady put her head out.

"Please, mum," said the cabby, "would yer mind 'opping up 'ere and taking the reins. I'm subject to fits and I'm going to 'ave one."

"IMPROPER" FOOTBALL BOOTS.

There was a mild sensation in the football world the other day. A match was being played between two leading Football Association amateur teams, and the players had come out, when the referee was requested to examine the boots of a certain player, and having done so, he ordered him off the field.

The player in question changed his boots and returned, but the referee refused to allow him to take part in the game.

It appears that although the original studs on the player's boots were in accordance with the rules, strips of leather had been added to them, with the effect of making them pointed or conical in shape, and, therefore, illegal.

The rule in regard to studs on football boots is as follows: "Studs shall be round in plan, not less than half an inch in diameter, and in no case conical or pointed."

In case the referee's action in refusing to allow the offender to play even when he had changed his boots should strike you as a little harsh, it may be explained that he had no option, for a further part of the rule in regard to boots declares: "Any player discovered infringing the law shall be prohibited from taking further part in the match."

A referee may be blamed by partisans of the offender for too strict a reading of a rule, but without such strictness there would be endless disputes.

AN EPISODE.

By ADAM STERN

He was thin and sunken-cheeked, with a dreadful inertia of expression, the sign manual of those who have been down into the pit.

We met at a coffee-stall at three o'clock one morning. The wind was bleak, and he drifted into the light, his coat-collar turned up, his hands seeking warmth in his pockets.

I invited him to have something, for he looked pinched and starving. As we ate we talked a little—fragmentary remarks of no particular consequence.

Afterwards, at a street-corner, there fell upon us that desultory feeling which proceeds from a sense of uncertainty.

"Well," I said at last. "I must be going."

"So must I," he said.

"Where to?"

"Nowhere."

I made some sort of excuse and offered him a shilling. He took it, after hesitation.

"Thanks," he said.

Some loneliness about him appealed to me, and I asked him to come round to my lodgings, which were not far away. We walked together in silence.

It was quite a long time before he thawed and became communicative. He seemed to like the fire, sitting up close to it, with spread-out hands, and a look of pre-occupation in his eyes.

* * * * * * *

"You see," he said presently, "you get into this state and it's hard to gat out of it. You don't even try, after a bit. I've had several months of it. I could tell you all sorts of things; but it's not worth while.

"What's chiefly worrying me is that I don't feel it any more. I used to feel it once. Badly. Here." He placed a hand on the pit of his stomach. "A pain like a violent toothache. A lump of pain—as hard and solid as a brick. I've awakened in the night before now—sleeping in some hole or other—and found my hands tearing at my stomach, trying to tear out the pain with my fingers. It's bad when it's like that."

He looked at me with his lustreless eyes for corroboration, and I nodded.

"But something has happened to drive it clean away. It doesn't hurt now. I can prod the place and there's no pain left. It's either dead or healed.

"It worries me that I don't feel anything any more, because I've a sort of idea that you're not properly alive unless you feel pain. I'm only conscious of emptiness. Not the emptiness of hunger—that's a different thing. But a sort of drum-like feeling. A vacuum which nothing can fill. Perhaps it's the place where my soul used to have its habitation."

I looked at him curiously, but he was absorbed by his theme, staring with earnest eyes at the fire.

* * * * * * *

"You'll forgive me," he went on, "for harping so much on my eccentric complaint. But I've formed a sort of theory about it. I believe I have lost my soul. Some souls and bodies, you know, don't get on at all well together. . . .

"I remember, when I was a boy at home, we had some old-fashioned ecclesiastical paintings—quaint little pictures of the Saints, with golden haloes round their heads and an incurable tendency to be knock-kneed. Some of them were depicted as undergoing martyrdom, and these had their souls visible—a sort of glorified oval encompassing the diaphragm. . . . I can't describe it in any other way.

"I suppose it must have been from them that I first got my idea of the place of habitation of the soul. I am perfectly certain that the soul is prisoned in the body against its will, continually in combat with it, even striving to break free from it. And why shouldn't the soul prove the victor now and then—especially when the tabernacle is unworthy?

"My own has broken free—it comes upon me with deadening force. Whether by chance I don't know. Or perhaps in some agonising conflict between the flesh and the spirit—the battle which tears you in pieces.

"It is only thus that I can account for the absence of pain, for the utter loss of all those hopes and desires and feelings which are the lot, I suppose, of the general run of men. I'm all dead in here"—and again he pressed his hand to his stomach. "I'm a machine that's run down. I'm a drum."

He looked at me, and there were tears of self-pity in his eyes.

"You see!" he said, "I have to cry about it. I often do. . . . It's maudlin, I know. . . . But yet one grieves over the dead. . . .

"I've committed no crime," he added, with a sort of pathetic irrelevance. "I've merely been too frail bodily. I wonder how many more there are like me."

* * * * * * *

It took place a long time ago. I asked him to come and see me again. But he did not.

MR. GAMAGE'S START.

Mr. A. W. Gamage owes his success more or less directly to an attack of scarlet fever. Shortly after entering the service of Messrs. Hitchcock, Williams, and Co., St. Paul's Churchyard, he became unwell, but stuck to his work until he absolutely had to take to his bed, when it was found that for some days he had been going about with fully developed scarlet fever. Incidentally about 90 per cent. of the other assistants contracted the disease from him.

Mr. Gamage was too ill to be moved to hospital, and was nursed by the housekeeper to the firm. When he was convalescent this good lady asked him to perform a small service for her, namely, to call for a watch which she had left to be repaired at a jeweller's in Holborn, which, of course, he gladly did.

The jeweller was a chatty man, and, learning Mr. Gamage's circumstances, remarked that there was a fine opening for an enterprising young man with a little money in the shape of a small shop which the jeweller had to let.

It was in this tiny two-roomed shop that Mr. Gamage and a fellow-assistant started business in partnership.

The venture paid from the start, but the profits were small, and some two years later Mr. Gamage's partner offered to sell his share, explaning that he was going to be married and he did not think the business would ever enable him to keep a wife and family.

Mr. Gamage bought out his partner for something under £400.

SOME BAD CARD "TRICKS."

It may be quite excusable and even interesting to discuss and study the various hands in such a game as bridge or whist, when the game is done. Often only in this way can difficult problems of the play or errors of the players be detected and corrected. Moreover, in such elaborate and skilful games discussion of the play after it is over is pleasant and interesting.

But this sort of discussion is entirely out of place in such quick and chance-full games as halfpenny nap or poker, for instance.

These games need no discussion at the end of every hand. They are played straight through without any need for the returning to the luck of the cards or the many "ifs" that irritating players so often propound, while the rest of the players, out of good manners, wait in patience.

If there is anything in this world as flat and dead as a door-nail when it is finished, it is a round of nap. Nevertheless, there are ever so many players who, after every round, will pick up the cards and fight the battle over again with so many "ifs" that all practical interest in the matter vanishes.

"If I had had a second club," "If so-and-so had played his queen first," "If I had taken the top card," "Why didn't you do this (or that, or the other)"—these and similar stupidities are the bane and spoiling of many a nap party.

Rest assured that the average player, having played his round and paid his losses or taken his winnings, does not care what "might have been" when all is over, and when what was to be has been.

FRANK SCUDAMORE RELATES SOME TRUE EXPERIENCES OF SPIES.

From time to time a sort of mania for spy-catching seems to seize on the military authorities of various countries, and a great outcry is made over the illicit operations of alien officers, either of Army or Navy, caught red-handed in the neighbourhood of some fortified position, with incriminating notebooks and cameras in their possession. Perhaps, on the whole, we of Great Britain offend less in this matter of "scare" than do some of our neighbours, and how far we are justified in our callous attitude it is not for me to discuss here.

"We, of course, like other Powers, have a system of secret service observation" which is probably as complete as that equipped by any other nation, and which certainly has wide ramifications in all parts of the earth. The service is, of course, an onerous one, demanding infinite tact and skill, coupled generally with great linguistic knowledge, strong will force, and no slight powers of endurance. It may be said, indeed, that the secret service agent must be prepared to face any eventuality at any given moment.

HEARD OF NO MORE.

In the wilder places of the world a man engaged in this duty occasionally comes to grief, sometimes even disappears altogether in so mysterious a manner that, although the Government employing him may perhaps possess some clue as to his fate, no member of his family or his friends ever learns anything as to the manner of his death or the place of his sepulchre.

The present writer has in mind an instance of such a disappearance of a personal friend, which occurred some years ago. This gentleman, a retired Army officer, was known to one or two of his intimates to be a secret service agent in the employ of a foreign Government. At the same time his ostensible and legitimate occupation was as representative—shall I say traveller—for a great firm of manufacturers of the high explosives used in warfare. The pursuit of his dual occupations took Captain —— very often into one or other of the Balkan States, and it is probable that he was nearly as well known in Sofia, in Belgrade, and in Bucharest as he was on the shady side of Pall Mall. It was, indeed, from one of the Balkan kingdoms that he disappeared. The present writer was asked by the manager of a great London newspaper to trace, if possible, the last known movements of the vanished man, and the result of his investigations was briefly as follows.

A BALKAN MYSTERY.

Captain —— had for some time made his headquarters in Athens, where he was married to a young and charming lady, a member of a wealthy Greek family. From Athens he had taken boat to Constantinople, and had spent some days in the Turkish capital, with which he was intimately familiar, and where he was well known to all members of the British community. Thence the Orient express had carried him to Sofia, and in that city he had entered into negotiations with the Bulgarian Government, in his capacity as representative of the explosives company. These had proceeded so far satisfactorily that King Ferdinand's War Minister had appointed a date a month ahead whereon exhaustive tests were to be made of the explosives Captain —— offered for sale.

Next the unfortunate gentleman went to Bucharest, the capital of Roumania, which is two days from Sofia, travelling viâ Belgrade and Budapesth. Some of his heavy luggage, it may be remarked, he left in Sofia, in charge of the landlord of his hotel.

WHERE THE CLUES STOPPED.

In Bucharest the movements of Captin —— were easily traced. In the little picturesque Roumanian capital, which may be described as a Paris in miniature, he appears to have lived the life of the ordinary tourist, feeding at the different public restaurants and spending his evenings in the charming public gardens or listening to light French opera at the open-air theatre. At length, the date for his appointment in Sofia approaching, he took his departure again, leaving a portmanteau of belongings at the Hôtel du Boulevard, in the Place du Magasoi. It is probable, therefore, that he had with him on this occasion no more than a suit-case or small valise.

Once more he reached Belgrade. He passed one night at the hotel he was in the habit of using, and in the morning breakfasted in the restaurant attached to it.

And from that moment he disappeared—vanished utterly into space, and all efforts made by the present writer and others to trace him have proved wholly ineffectual from that day to this.

WHAT MAY HAVE HAPPENED.

What the fate of Captain —— may have been is purely conjectural. Belgrade is within reasonable distance of two frontiers, and some of us have thought that for reasons known only to himself the lost man may have sought to cross one or other of these—perhaps by night—secretly and unobserved. In that case he may have lost his life quite fortuitously, being shot as a smuggler, say, by a frontier guard. On the other hand, he may have been seized as a spy in possession of incriminating documents, and quietly done away with. No one will ever know.

Some years ago the present writer was travelling in the Caucasus with a friend who holds a high position in the British Diplomatic Service. In Tiflis, be it said, where we stayed awhile, this country has no consular representative—for reasons known only to the Russian Government—and our interests are watched over by the French Consul-General, who, at the time of which I write, was one of the most charming men that his country has produced.

ENGLISH UNDER THE SURFACE.

While I was seated at luncheon with him one day, his Excellency was called from the room by a clerk, and, returning after a quarter of an hour's absence, explained that his good offices had been required by a couple of German mechanics, who, holding Russian passports (quite in order), were on their way to Bokhara (in Central Asia), where they had been engaged as engineers in a factory recently established. While referring to the slight service they had required, our friend pointed out laughingly that as the only consul in the Caucasian capital, he was, perforce, the protector of every foreigner. The two Germans, typical specimens of their class, were staying, like ourselves, at the Hôtel des Londres, and at dinner that night we could hear them talking in the guttural accents of the Fatherland, and appreciated their generous devotion to lager beer. Later on, after we had retired, this writer's friend tapped at his door. "Come to my room," he whispered, "but don't make a noise."

In his room were seated the two Germans, talking excellent English in subdued tones. The visitors dared to stay only for a few moments. It was, however, a relief to them, they said, to be able to exchange a few words with their own countrymen. The writer's diplomatist friend explained after they had left that they were two British officers of the Indian Army who had "a mission" in Central Asia, in furtherance of which they would sojourn in Bokhara for probably a year.

O'DONOVAN'S ADVENTURE.

Readers of THE MODERN MAN will no doubt recall the name of Edmund O'Donovan, the famous war correspondent of the "Daily News," who, after a life of daring adventure and a hundred hairbreadth escapes, was killed with General Hicks Pasha in the Sudan. One of O'Donovan's most brilliant exploits was when he penetrated the Merv Oasis and became for a year one of the triumvirate rulers of that country. This was before it was annexed by Russia.

It was while wandering about the great Central Asian plateau where lie Merv, Khiva, Samarkand, and Bokhara that the following quaint adventure befell Mr. O'Donovan. The country being overrun by gangs of brigands and marauding Nomads, he had attached himself for company's sake to a large party of Armenian horse-dealers, who were convoying to various rich market centres a string of horses several hundred strong, which they had purchased from the Kirghiz tribes, who are the greatest breeders of horses in the world. With these new acquaintances he quickly became a popular favourite, and, being a man of very strong individuality, it was not long before he was tacitly recognised by them as the chief and leader of the party.

There was, however, one trader among them, a tall,

dark, saturnine Asiatic, who was always taciturn and even surly, and who appeared to reject almost with rudeness every friendly overture that O'Donovan made to him. This man had one or two friends, and with them would ride at the far-end of the caravan. Nor on their halts would he associate with the popular Irishman.

AMBUSHED.

One morning news was brought to the horse-dealers that in a defile which they must perforce traverse, a few miles distant, a large body of Turkoman Kurd brigands was in ambush, and intended to attack and raid the caravan. Immediately a council of war was held; dispositions for the defence of their property and for the general conduct of the expected fight were made. The advance in battle order was begun, with O'Donovan, as might be expected, in the position of commander-in-chief.

The little band drew near to the defile, and already the Turkoman skirmishers, knowing themselves discovered, had begun to throw in sniping shots, when the morose and saturnine Asiatic who has been mentioned rode up to where O'Donovan sat on horse-back amid the chiefs of the party.

"Mr. O'Donovan," he said, in excellent English, "just let me have a word with you."

FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN.

The Irishman gazed at him in surprise. "Who . . ." he began, but the other man continued speaking hurriedly: "We may, of course, both of us be killed, but, on the other hand, one of us may survive if both do not. I have my papers in duplicate. Will you take this copy, and if I am killed will you get it conveyed to the Secretary of State for India at your first opportunity? It is of the highest importance."

"But who the deuce are you?" gasped the astounded Irishman.

"Oh," said the other with a smile, "I am Colonel ——, of the Indian Staff Corps. I have not meant to be uncivil, but it was wiser we should not speak."

Both the heroes of this adventure narrated it on different occasions to the present writer.

The spy-hunting mania of certain foreign countries sometimes seems to us unduly acute, but, when all is said and done, we ought not to complain if occasionally one of our men gets caught.

FRANK SCUDAMORE.

GLOVE GOSSIP.

LATEST HAPPENINGS IN THE BOXING WORLD.

It was with a sense of something very closely akin to relief that British boxers received the news of the contest at the Salle Wagram in Paris between Arthur Warner and a young French boxer called Huot. The latter is a fighter of the rushing and hard-hitting order; and, though this pays against some English boxers who are more "tricky" than really sound exponents of the art, the Frenchman found himself up against a very different proposition in Arthur Warner.

Huot forced things from the first round, shooting out a left and a right swing, both of which, to his surprise, were smartly avoided. This, however, was not enough to damp his youthful enthusiasm, and he barged in again, only to receive a masterly straight left that must have made his teeth rattle. Anyhow, it took the steam out of him.

In the second round, the Englishman sent Huot to the floor for a count of five with a left to the face and a right to the jaw. The Frenchman rose groggy, only to go down again from a right hook to the point. Eventually the fight was stopped, in the same round, when Huot, after lying prostrate with his head hanging over the edge of the ring, was helped up by a spectator just on the count of ten.

At the same hall there was an unsatisfactory bout between Alf. Reed and Badoud, the Swiss champion, when the judges gave the verdict as a draw. As, in the opinion of a great many excellent judges among the spectators, Reed outclassed the Swiss at every department of the game, the decision was not too well received.

News is to hand from Sydney that Langford has beaten Barry at the Stadium there on points in a twenty-round contest.

There were some good contests last Monday at the "Ring" both in the afternoon and evening shows. At the "matinée" Sapper O'Neil (Gloucester) out-pointed Billy Williams (Bethnal Green) in a ten-round contest, and Boyo Bradley (Cardiff) beat Fred. Anderson (London) on points in a match of the same length.

"STRAIGHT LEFT."

THE DIFFERENCE.

This tale is told of the Archbishop of Canterbury. In his curate days he was teaching a Sunday-school class about Solomon, and after the lesson he proceeded to catechise the class.

"Now, boys," he said, "what was the difference between King Solomon and other men?" No answer. "Come, now," said the future Primate, "was there any difference between Solomon and myself?"

Then a small hand went up and a small voice replied: "Please, sir, Solomon was wise."

THE WIND ACROSS COUNTRY.

When you turn out for a cross-country run for the first time after a pretty lengthy interval, your wind is fairly certain to play tricks with you in the initial stages of your run. The wise man, under these circumstances, starts off at a good round trot, which he keeps up mechanically until his wind gives way. Then he ambles on even slower, never quite coming down to a walk, however, until he gets his second wind. Then he goes off at a good pace.

Ploughed fields are generally trying to the wind, but this is usually because men do not go over them in the best way. They are up on a ridge one minute and down in a furrow the next, a very tiring process. The great tip is to run on the tops of the ridges, not jumping from one to the other, but taking them easily in your stride.

REARING HORSES.

A horse cannot rear if you keep his hind legs moving. Therefore, if you are riding a horse which shows signs of rearing, use your heels and keep turning him on his fore-hand. This makes him move his hind legs and prevents him from rearing on them.

If he does actually rear, lean well forward on the saddle to maintain the proper equilibrium of yourself and your mount; and keep your hands low and do not pull on the reins.

If you observe these directions, the horse will come down on his forelegs again, but if you pull him he may overbalance and fall backwards upon you. A horse will scarcely ever come over backwards on you unless he is injudiciously pulled when balanced on his hind legs.

A GREATER NEED.

Phil Phunnyphace, the world-renowned comedian, strolled along the Strand, and at the bottom of Bedford Street he encountred Marmaduke Hangnail, the equally famous agent.

Marmaduke was one of those eccentric geniuses who can never be persuaded to change the shirt that was given them as a Christmas present by their favourite aunt ten years before, and beneath his rabbit-skin-collared coat protruded a pair of trousers that had seen better days.

He hailed the comedian with exuberant joy.

"My dear fellow, well met!" he shouted. "I'm in urgent need of a pair of 'coms' (comedians) for Birmingham——"

The renowned mirth-provoker gazed at the other's understandings.

"Strikes me what you want is a pair of trousers for the Strand," he said, and passed airily on.

THE POINTS OF A BACK.

"To be able to kick powerfully, even though you are charging or being charged," is the sentence in which a well-known International once summed up the points of back-play for the writer's benefit; but although, now as then, that answer is a distinctly comprehensive one, still the growth of modern football tactics has added to it greatly.

Perhaps an equally good answer nowadays would be "Perfection in combination with your fellow-back," for this is essential to success. Two backs, however individually brilliant they may be, will let their side down badly if they don't play together. One man, indeed, will generally tackle the forward and the other will be on the spot to deal with the almost certain pass.

Lastly, ability to "screw-kick" is a great point in back-play, for if a back has to run back after an elusive forward, such a kick is the quickest means of getting the ball up the field again once he has got the forward off it.

RABBITING WITH DOGS.

A SPORTING WAY OF REDUCING THEIR NUMBERS.

One of the many complaints against that edible species of vermin the coney, or common rabbit, is that it is by no means easy to make him show sport in any true sense of the word.

There is certainly no sport in snaring or trapping him, not much in shooting him after he has been stopped out in large numbers and driven by beaters out of the bracken, though this is a fine test of marksmanship. Ferreting with nets is mere poaching, and there is not very much fun in rolling the bunnies over with a 12-bore as they hop out of one hole into another.

WORKING WHIPPETS.

A much more sporting way of keeping down the head of rabbits on an estate, though one seldom attempted, is to use dogs exclusively in their capture.

What are known as rabbiting whippets, as distinct from "racing whippets" should be employed, the latter bearing somewhat the relation to the former that the milkman's pony does to a polo-pony.

The working whippet should be bigger than his highly-bred brother of the running-track or the show-bench.

From 20lb. in the case of a bitch to 25lb. for dogs is about the right size; and in place of the satiny coat of the race-dog he should have a coarser, longer, and denser coat, or may even be rough-haired like a miniature deer-hound.

A dog of this sort will be hardy enough to stand exposure to all weathers, and will not need a "sheet," nor pampering of any sort.

SET UP BY SPANIELS.

In addition to the whippet, a spaniel or a terrier, or both, is required.

The spaniel should be of the cocker variety, or a small field spaniel may be employed.

Their business is to find the rabbits lying out in tussocks of grass or amid brambles, patches of bracken, and so forth, and start them going. They should be free from "chase," and, having set the game moving, should remain still to watch the sport.

The field chosen should be one of those rough pastures which are often bounded by woodland, and in which during certain hours of the day rabbits are wont to lie out.

A brace of whippets is held in slips, like miniature coursing-slips, and led close behind the working spaniel. The rabbit put up by the dog will make a bolt for his burrow at the other end of the field when the whippets are slipped as in the bigger sport, and a pretty course ending in a kill will result.

WHERE THE FOX-TERRIER IS BEST.

The spaniel may also be used in the hedgerow, though here a really intelligent fox-terrier will probably work better, and as he can rarely see the rabbit (on whose track he gives tongue) slip out of the hedge, he will not often arrive in the field in time to interfere with the actual course.

On days when rabbits are not lying out, or if the spaniel or terrier be not available, ferrets may be used.

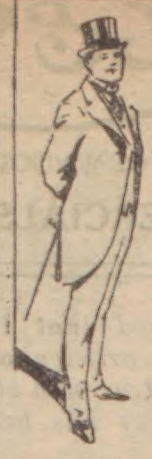
In this case the man holding the whippets must stand close to the hedge on one side of the burrow into which the ferret has been introduced, the ferreter standing near the hedge on the other side.

When the rabbit emerges he will turn first to one side and then to the other, with the idea of hopping into an adjacent hole; but seeing the men and dogs he will break for the hedge on the other side of the enclosure. The whippets are slipped when he has had a fair start.

A little shouting may be allowed when bunny is seen, in order to make him get into his stride, and so attract the attention of the whippets, who, of course, hunt by sight; but otherwise this method of catching rabbits is a quiet and genuinely sportsmanlike way of reducing their numbers.

A. F. REES.

Space is precious, but there is just an inch available here to remind you that our offer of catch post-cards is still open. If you went to play a harmless practical joke upon your friends, a joke which makes even the victims smile, send a large stamped addressed envelope to "Nice Place," THE MODERN MAN Offices, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London, and we shall send you a supply of our post-cards free.



OUR CIVILISED SKIN

SOME PASSING THOUGHTS.

There's an idea abroad that civilisation, such as we know it, is a colossal fraud. Underneath our skins we are as wild and savage and lawless as were our forefathers. Only the exigencies of civilisation demand of us a milk-and-honey like demeanour, utterly untrue to ourselves.

Let us examine this somewhat far-reaching proposal. Let us decide whether it is self-condemnatory or self-adulatory. For either we are humbugs by intent, which is likely to be cowardly and, therefore, contemptible, or humbugs against our will, and accordingly entitled to a place among the martyrs.

PREHISTORIC DISCOMFORTS.

Or it may be, possibly, that we are not humbugs at all, but improved human creatures—better than the primeval people, and with few of the primeval emotions still lurking in our breast.

After all, were the simple savage conditions so splendid that we should desire to emulate them or to honour them with our admiration?

There must have been discomfort in cold and wet weather in those days. Wattle huts were smelly and draughty places, sludgey under foot, and without that perfect privacy against intrusion which is one of the blessings (insufficiently esteemed) of our contemporary manner of living. Sheepskin costumes were credibly not so cosy and warm as silk or woollen underwear, linen shirts, and serge or tweed suits. Bath-rooms were unknown, and probably not missed.

LACKING IN GOOD LOOKS.

There leaps a suspicion to the mind, too, that the primitives were scarcely comely people—certainly not so refined-looking as ourselves and probably beastly coarse and ugly.

And what a man looks, so to a great extent he is. You do not discover lascivity in the countenance of the pure-minded, nor cruelty in the visage of the lovers of peace and gentleness.

So, we who are civilised in appearance, are doubtless civilised in flesh and bone as well. After all, it has taken fifteen hundred years of struggling upwards to bring us to our present state of imperfection, and we are mere cherishers of an illusion in believing our forefathers to be equal to ourselves.

The paradox which escapes the understanding of many is that violence is not strength, but rather a weakness, and that meekness and humility are the forces most terrible in the world.

KIPLING'S FORECAST.

The civilisation which, by universal consent shall abolish war and render it impossible for the future, will not consist of a degenerated, enfeebled race—far otherwise. It will be the action of a people magnificently quiet and sublimely strong. It will be the first herald of that "parliament of man and the federation of the world," of which Kipling, the seer, has spoken.

If the nature of man remained the same throughout the ages, only varying in outward garb and customs, then would civilisation be a lie—a lie of a most grotesque and pitiful order. All reformers would be fools, and progressivists mere mad worshippers of a dream. We should need to shut up inventors and scientists in lunatic asylums for making such perverted use of their abilities. Indeed, all abilities and efforts would be futile, and the only things to command our admiration and respect would be the strength of a beefy right arm or the capacity of a certain man's stomach to consume more meat than another's. The degree of a man's animalism would be the measure of his manliness.

And so, mere hogs, we should be satisfied.

No! mankind is better than this. Civilisation is our inheritance, and for it we might reasonably be thankful, enjoying it and improving it if we may, and not hankering after a cruder, more cruel past, mercifully remote and forgotten.

STEPHEN PARTRIDGE.

SWINDLES

A CRIMINAL'S REVELATIONS. By WORMWOOD PORTLAND.

6.—ROOKING "COMMERCIALS."

[*We desire it to be thoroughly understood that the names of all the people mentioned in these articles are fictitious. Where reference is made to men and women still alive, any indication as to their actual identity has been removed from the manuscript.*—EDITOR.]

I broke my journey at York. The payment of the excess fare from Grantham made a hole in my cash resources, but it wasn't from any motive of economy—I was always superior to any weakness of that sort—that I decided to put up at a commercial hotel for once, and to use the commercial room instead of the coffee-room. Nor had the idea much weight with me that the ways and conversation of "commercials" might be entertaining and of some little interest. No; I had a deeper and a purely utilitarian reason.

These travellers always so plumed themselves on their smartness; they thought themselves so much sharper than other people; they laughed when they heard of less knowing ones being "had," and ridiculed any suggestion of the possibility of ever being "had" themselves. What a lark it would be if I could take some of them down a peg or two.

WORTHY ADVERSARIES.

Putting their little vanities entirely on one side, their real 'cuteness and necessary knowledge of men and the world did make them, perhaps, the hardest of all nuts to crack, the highest and wariest of all game to fly at. So much the more credit to my wits if—again to vary the metaphor—I could land even only one of such clever fish. The longer I'd thought about it, the more had the idea grown on me.

A porter having recommended the Queen's Hotel in Micklegate, thither I betook myself, and became the immediate occupier of a comfortable bedroom. It was late, and I tried nothing on till the next day.

I wasn't up early enough to breakfast with any of the "commercial gents," but (at a preposterous hour) I dined with a lot of them, and by the evening their number had increased. I'd made it a point to be sociable, and a good listener without saying much myself: I was getting into the hang of their talk and style.

SALT IN HIS VEINS.

After nine o'clock, with smoking and grogging, the conversation became general, and I joined in it freely, except when it was too shoppy either for my liking or my knowledge of business, as that term is understood in the commercial room.

Two men who appeared to be old friends who didn't often come into personal touch, spoke to each other without reserve about their respective family affairs, and somehow this led to a discussion among the elders of the company of the evergreen topic, "What to do with our boys."

"It's more a question now-a-days of what our boys will do for themselves," said one of the starters of the discussion. "The youngster chooses what he will be, and the old man stands the racket. Father pays the piper, and sonnie calls the tune. Why, I've got a boy of my own at home who simply *won't* be what I want him to be. He sticks it out that if I won't send him to sea he'll take to nothing else. It isn't the craze that every boy gets after reading 'Robinson Crusoe' and recovers from, for he's nearly sixteen."

A DIFFERENT TYPE.

"Give him a sickener of it," advised somebody. "Pack him off before the mast."

"His mother won't let me," was the prompt reply. "I've got to apprentice him, and that means I've got to pay a premium."

"I'm in a worse plight than you, sir—if that's any comfort to you," said a quiet-looking man who hadn't spoken much before. "I'm looking out for a ship for a son of mine because he's going to the devil so fast ashore that I can't have him in my house any longer for the sake of his sisters and his younger brothers. If anything will pull him up, it's sea-discipline under a captain who'll stand no nonsense. But to let him herd in the forecastle with the foreign scum who are crowding out the British sailorman on our modern ships would be to put him in the way of learning more vice than he's taught himself already; so, like you, I shall have to make myself the poorer by whatever his indentures are going to cost me."

I pricked up my ears. Two premiums going—why shouldn't they be paid to me? The fathers of the future "middies" fell into chat by themselves. I overheard them arranging to meet in the course of the following week at Newcastle-on-Tyne, at the Neville. "Plenty of suitable ships on the Tyne," they said; and a programme began to take shape in my mind.

Just before going to roost, and long after the whole discussion had dropped, I insisted on standing glasses all round.

MY LINE? OH, STEAMERS

"The fact is, gentlemen," I explained, "I feel that I ought to pay my footing. I joined you because I like good company; but I'm not sure I have a right to the privileges of the commercial room. Although it's a business journey I've interrupted here to have a look at the cathedral, I'm afraid I can't claim to be a traveller in your sense of the word. Ocean-going steamers aren't bought and sold over shop-counters, are they?"

It was all right. They both looked at me at "ocean-going steamers," and that was what, and all, I wanted, just then.

Boots told me next day who they were. One was a Mr. Brigginshaw—he travelled in soap—the other, the sorrowful parent of the depraved youth, a Mr. Scantleward, travelling in the glue trade. I was glad to hear they had both left (for because I was about to leave myself without paying up (for what I had I should want on my arrival at Newcastle), and it wouldn't do for them to hear anything against my character.

BESTING BOOTS.

Boots received instructions to meet me at the station with my bag, in time for a train south. He was to bring my bill with him. I was going to cash a cheque with a customer in the meantime. In the booking-office (it wasn't open yet) I relieved boots of the charge of my bag while he ran back to the hotel for an umbrella I hadn't left there. The booking-office *was* open, and the train for Newcastle was signalled.

I caught it.

On reaching Newcastle, I put up at the Imperial, understanding that to be the most swagger hotel in the town. The following morning I went down to the quayside to find a ship for Messrs. Brigginshaw and Scantleward. The crowded decks of many of the vessels were scenes of bustle and apparent confusion, but at length I came on one which presented, in contrast, a picture of idleness. Her deck was unencumbered, and nobody was moving about on it. In fact she gave the impression of having been deserted. Looking for her name, I found her to be the "Leo," a seemingly well-built cargo steamer of medium tonnage. Landsman as I was, I noticed the clipper-like cut of her bows, and the cleanness of her run.

CREASING THE WHEELS.

I walked up the gangway, and as I stepped on board a man appeared from below. Touching his cap, he stood as though waiting for me to state my business. I must force my way.

"Are you in charge?" I asked, adding, without waiting for his reply, "I should like to have a look round."

"There's no objection to that, sir," replied the man. "She's a fine ship. I reckon she's the finest that Hall have got, and I can't make out what they want to sell her for, unless it is because she's been so unlucky."

I was getting a lead already, and I followed it up, soon learning all that was necessary to enable me to plot the details of a workable scheme, on the lines I had already designed. It was too late to represent myself as one of the owners, but I said that my name happened to be the same as theirs—I was Mr. Paterson Hall, and an agent for the sale of ships, and might be coming aboard with a couple of clients in a few days' time. If so, I would send down a case of champagne ahead of us. I'd better address it to . . . Bunyard? All right. He'd have to do the honours of the ship. Finally, "for yourself and the others of the watch aboard, Bunyard"—and I parted with my remaining sovereign.

A few inquiries, a few references to directories, and other

sources of information, some cards printed, with a little other matter—and then I waited for the traveller in soap and the traveller in glue. I had only to keep my eye on the Neville. When they arrived, it was easy to put myself in their way, and easy to make an exchange of cards the proper thing. Mine, of course, bore out my implied assertion at York that I had an interest in ships—in fact, that as Mr. Paterson Hall, of Hall and Hall, Billiter Street, London, E.C., I was a shipowner. I was on the Tyne to see to the re-commissioning of one of the steamers of our little fleet. She was to be put on the Australian trade.

PLAYING THE OWNER.

Their boys? Oh, yes, I remembered. Well, yes, I supposed I could do something for them. Would they like to meet me aboard the "Leo"? They would. They did.

I sent down beforehand from the Imperial a few magnums of the best, and a box of cigars, directed to Bunyard. He behaved admirably. Of course, he addressed me as Mr. Hall, and, with the other two or three hands, was becomingly deferential to the quid-tipper. I behaved like the owner and was treated like the owner. Brigginshaw and Scantleward were further impressed by my nautical knowledge when I drew their attention to the gracefulness of the "Leo's" lines, and explained that her hull had been built as that of a sailing clipper, her engines only being provided for and put in when we changed our mind and decided to make a steamer of her—a bit of information I was able to impart in consequence of what I had gathered from Bunyard.

PARENTAL REQUIREMENTS.

Over Moët and Chandon and cigars (in the state cabin), my guests both asked for what they were about to be let in for—with this difference, that while Brigginshaw was satisfied with the excellent character I gave the captain to whom I said we had given the command of the "Leo"—he would take charge in a fortnight's time, and the ship would be ready to sail soon afterwards—Scantleward wanted a skipper of an austerity and a severity that the other chap said would unfit him for the care and charge of *his* boy. Privately, Brigginshaw managed to put me up to the fact that after the character his father had given to young Scantleward, he shied at the idea of the two lads serving their time together.

This gave me my cue. I told Scantleward that the very man to knock the stuffing out of any vicious young desperado he had control of was Captain Mangott, of the "Iron Duke," another of our ships, trading with the Far East. She was a larger vessel—due in the Thames in twelve days—and the premium would be £10 more than I should want in the case of the "Leo." These terms were lower than we had ever accepted, but to tell the truth, I felt personally interested after all they had confided to me, and I supposed that business "on the road" wasn't what it used to be in their younger days. They must please understand that I hadn't committed myself to anything, but ... well, they'd better dine with me at the Imperial.

SIGNED AND SEALED.

They found me busy writing letters on properly headed paper—other papers were scattered about on the table bearing the names of various ships, and so on, and they had no cause of complaint with the dinner I stood them, though I was careful not to overdo it.

Two days afterwards the necessary documents were ready—printed forms with blank spaces duly filled in by hand. They sent for their boys, and I approved 'em. Signatures were appended. All was in order—they protracted their stay to see the whole thing through.

Of course they did—they were smart business men, you know, and smart business men don't waste time; they can't afford to. When they take a matter in hand they get it done. I had taken them in hand, and *they* were done. They were so smart that they were at pains to look up Lloyd's Register—they told me so—and to inquire *re* the standing of Hall and Hall. I'd studied Lloyd's Register before they had. That's why I was so pat with the "Iron Duke." They found everything all correct, and they raised the money to time—£50 and £40.

I had started for Edinburgh on nothing. I reached there with about £80, although, at the Imperial, for once in a way, I paid my hotel bill.

[*Another of these revelations will be printed next week.*—EDITOR.]

WINTER FLY-FISHING

THE FLIES TO USE, AND THE PLACES TO FISH.

The man who will not fish except with the artificial fly, finds his angling operations somewhat circumscribed during the winter months. Not only are trout and salmon-fishing denied him during the fence-months, but it were useless to search with a fly for the few fish that may be caught by this means save on very favourable days.

Grayling are, of course, the chief fish to occupy the angler's attention, but they are not found in every stream. They are of the salmon tribe, and have been called the "poor relatives" of the lusty trout. Nevertheless, they are a fine, game fish, and good eating.

WET-FLY AND DRY.

Wet-fly fishing pays better than the dry-fly method with grayling, since they rise from the bottom to take the lure, especially in the winter. An ordinary fly-rod, with a tapered line and very fine gut are necessary. There are, too, special flies for grayling, though in their absence, small trout flies may be employed. The standard grayling flies are the red-tag and the green insect, but the sylph and gold and silver witches are also favourites. Of trout-flies, Wickham's fancy and many hackle patterns are suitable. The chief point is to have them dressed small; if fishing dry, on "000" hooks.

The best place to fish for grayling is where one can see them, in the water that runs deeper and deeper from a shallow into a pool. In fast-running water, it is almost impossible to see the fish rise, and fishing in slow water is usually unproductive. The best method is to allow the fly to float down over the visible fish and just underneath the surface, and to tighten on seeing the fish move or open its mouth.

COARSE FISH.

On mountain rivers a cast of three flies thrown up-stream and fished wet is the most productive method; but the angler's eye must be ever on the line and his hand ready to tighten directly the line stops.

The coarse fish that will take a fly in winter are dace and rudd, and occasionally roach. Chub, which give excellent sport with the fly in hot weather, rarely look at them in cold.

The weather, not only at the actual time of angling, but for several days previously, must be taken into consideration. A fine, bright day, with mild, southerly airs, following a spell of damp, muggy, weather, is suitable for trying the fly at dace.

The tackle should be even finer than for grayling, and the flies as small—"00" and "000." There is nothing better than the black gnat tied with a fragment of wash-leather for tail; but a small coachman, red tag, or Wickham is also good. Three or four may be used on the cast. It is best to strike from the reel and to be very smart about it. Cast up-stream and let the flies float down over the shoal.

RUDD, PERCH AND PIKE.

Larger flies may be used for rudd; and those that live in ponds are better fished for in winter than those found in running water. A small Francis fly is best, and one fly is enough to have on the cast. If roach are taking the fly, a good-sized black gnat is as good as anything. Neither of these fish take the fly as quickly as do dace, so there need not be so much promptness in striking.

Both perch and small pike will occasionally take a fly during the winter if it is bright and highly-coloured enough; and where there is a lake known to be frequented by both species it is worth while—if the angler has only a joint-rod and no proper perch or pike tackle or baits—to try a small Alexandra, or any gaudy loch-trout fly, throwing it far and dragging it slowly through the water on the chance of getting a run. A bright, frosty day will be more likely to provide him with sport than will dull, heavy weather.

FRANCIS DAYTON.

RAILWAYS AND SPORTSMEN

CHEAP FARES FOR ANGLERS AND HUNTING MEN.

Nearly all the British and Irish railways cater for the sportsman by issuing cheap return tickets to men going hunting or fishing.

Anglers can obtain the benefits of this privilege only through the Provincial Anglers' Association, whose headquarters are at Birmingham; but most local angling clubs are affiliated to the central body, and the subscription to one usually covers membership of the other. Fishermen can only obtain the cheap tickets when *bona-fide* going upon angling expeditions, and must, besides exhibiting the P.A.A. card of membership, show also their rods, creels, or other evidence of the mission upon which they are ostensibly travelling.

FARE AND QUARTER.

Hunting men are, in most instances, granted the privilege of journeying by train to the station nearest the meet and of returning from that nearest to where they leave off hunting at a single fare and a quarter for the return journey. Fox and stag-hunters and harrier men are also allowed to send on their horses and bring them back at reduced fares, usually single rate and a half for the double journey, if sent at "owner's risk." The minimum for hunting passengers is one shilling and for hunting horses seven-and-sixpence.

It is not generally known that (with the exception of some few railway systems) this regulation applies also to followers of otter-hounds and packs of beagles, which includes foot-harriers and basset-hounds, of course. Many booking-office clerks in country places, even on the railways which adhere to these special arrangements, profess ignorance of the rule, and endeavour to mulct the sportsman in the full fare.

OFFICIAL CONFIRMATION.

In these cases, the traveller who is seeking the reduction should refer the clerk or stationmaster to the "Railway Clearing House (Coaching Arrangements) Book," of which a copy is supposed to be in the possession of every stationmaster, and ask him to look up Regulation 73, which will be found on pages 90-91 of the last edition.

Here it will be found that the single fare and a half for the double journey, with the minimum charge of one shilling, applies to "members of beagle foot clubs when travelling return journeys by rail for the purpose of following beagles."

The same regulation applies to "members of otter hunts when travelling return journeys by rail for the purpose of attending the hunts."

The wearing of hunt uniform or the carrying of an otter-pole should be sufficient proof of "membership"; but some members merely wear the hunt button or badge in the lapels of their coat or in their caps, which is also sufficient to identify them as going for the purpose of hunting, and not for ordinary travel or for trading purposes.

EVIDENCE NOT NECESSARY.

Strictly speaking, booking-office clerks are bound to take the word of the applicant for a special cheap ticket that he is going hunting, as there is no clause in the "Clearing House Book" making the wearing of a uniform or badge or the production of a card of membership obligatory. It may save time and friction, however, if the sportsman can produce some sort of proof that he is what he says he is.

It must be remembered that certain railways, noted for being behind the times—and behind the time in other respects—refuse these privileges to hunting men. These are, as might be expected, the London and Brighton and the South-Eastern and Chatham lines, to which must also be added the relatively unimportant North Staffordshire Railway.

In the case of the two former companies, vouchers signed by the Master can be obtained by subscribers to the Crowhurst Otter Hounds only, which may be exchanged at any of their stations for the coveted cheap tickets.

L. C. R. CAMERON.

MY NOTEBOOK.

SPIES. Public interest in espionage has been revived by the condemnation of Mr. Stewart, a subaltern in one of the Kent Yeomanry regiments, to a period of detention in a German prison, and by the almost simultaneous sentence of a German spy in this country.

Whatever may be one's views as to the character of the men who engage in espionage, there is no question as to the romantic nature of their work, and I am very glad to be able to give you this week Mr. Scudamore's recollections in connection with this subject. As you are, of course, aware, Mr. Scudamore has probably seen more campaigns than any other war correspondent now alive, and he has mixed in military and diplomatic circles all over the world. You will find his contribution very entertaining reading.

GIRLS AND GAMES. A correspondent asks me whether she—occasionally my correspondents are of the fair sex—ought to give up games. "I am very fond of them," she says, "but I have a feeling that men regard a girl who indulges in games as mannish, and I should hate to be thought mannish.

"Some of my girl friends are equally keen about sports, but some say I ought to give them up. I should value a masculine opinion."

Then let me give it to you, fair lady. If you are mannish, the giving up of games will not make you any more womanly, and if you are womanly, the indulging in them will not make you mannish.

Most of us have been victims at some time or another of the young woman who is usually referred to as the hockey girl. To travel in the same compartment with a couple of these hoydens is a tribulation from which, I trust, you will be free. There is sporting conversation, and pseudo-sporting conversation; theirs is of the latter type. They do not discuss in an intelligent manner the points of the game they have been playing, but merely interlard their conversation with sporting terms in order to impress their fellow-passengers. Whether these girls played games or not, they would always be loud, and as distasteful to everybody else as an effeminate man always is.

On the other hand, I have known girls of the most gentle, womanly character who were not only fond of sports, but who had undoubted sporting talents, and excelled at every game in which their strength permitted them to participate.

As in so many other things, everything depends upon the woman.

LETTER-WRITING. A Belfast reader favours me with a long letter, in which he discusses the Irish political situation with much heat, and also provides me with a large number of very useful suggestions.

"You will see," he says, "that I have made myself well acquainted with what you call the spirit of the paper; in fact, I think I could edit it. But no. The editor has far too many letters to deal with. I should stick at that, for letter-writing is one of the things I abominate. This is a long letter, because it is a year since I wrote to you, and I shall not probably write you again for another year."

My reader's distaste for letter-writing is, I fear, shared by myself—I mean so far as private letters are concerned. In the course of my day's work I have a large number of letters to answer, but they are dealt with in the usual business way—that is to say, I dictate replies to them, and when these replies have been typed out, I read them through and sign them. It is the only way in which a large amount of correspondence could possibly be tackled.

When, however, it comes to writing to my own relatives, I always feel a tremendous inclination to postpone the task, for task it is.

Women are, as a rule, much better correspondents than men, not because they have more time on their hands, but they have a better idea of the art of letter-writing, which largely consists of chatting in the same way as one would talk. A man, on the other hand, accustomed to business letters, and knowing the importance of what he sets down in black and white, feels a sort of restraint when he finds a pen in his hand and a sheet of paper in front of him. But, of course, that may only be an excuse. Anyhow, I think most of us dislike writing letters.

YOUR EDITOR.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

THE SIRE OF BOBBY CO-PARTNERS.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By JOHN HILARY GARRATT.

Mr. Robert Brooker, otherwise known as Bobby Co-partners, driver to the Co-partners' Stores, Limited, was late going home to his evening meal. He turned, whistling, down a side street of Kenchester.

Somebody called out to him: "Going your way, Bobby. Half a minute! I'm going your way."

He was a far older man than Bobby. He had a beard, a rugged face, and, somewhere down Bobby's way, a house and a family.

Bobby knew him for a man who worked with his father at the timber yard. Also, he was the caller who sometimes looked in at nights and apologised to Bobby's mother for the strength of his tobacco, to which Mrs. Brooker invariably replied that she liked the smell of smoke.

No stretch of the imagination could have made either of the men accomplished in the art of deception. Rough and ready, used to plain words for plain men, they openly sought to deceive one another, and each was aware that the other knew.

And it was in this wise.

When Bobby Co-partners reached his front door, he said, "See you later, as usual, Mr. Oakham."

And to that Dick Oakham said, "Right you are. And I shall have to leave at home that strong tobacco that smokes y'r mother out."

"You'll have to try some of mine," said Bobby with what under the circumstances was a fine representation of a chuckle.

"Boys' bacca!" said Mr. Oakham, almost as much contempt in his voice as if he thought he could really be smoking an after-supper pipeful of the tobacco of youth by the erstwhile hospitable chimney corner at the Brookers and in the company of his friend, John Brooker, head of the house, and foreman at the yard.

Bobby opened the door of his dwelling place softly. It led directly into the front room that was the pride of Mrs. Brooker. Sunday was honoured, because the Brookers selected that day for using it.

Ordinarily he came in by the back way, but the company of Dick Oakham, who lived on the other side of the street, had been responsible for this entrance *via* the place of ceremony.

There was another advantage. You could always hear plainly what was going on in the other room. There was no risk of running, in your working clothes, into a particular Mrs. Oakham who had made a call in her best bonnet. You could get upstairs and change.

This evening, however, Bobby was not listening for any ladylike Mrs. Oakhams.

He hoped, rather, to catch the sound of a gruff voice. He wanted to hear some one say, "Cut us a hunk of bread, missus, and, look here, old girl, you brew a fresh pot o' tea and take a cup with your old husband."

He prayed that his father would be home.

But playing the listener did him no good. He only heard just sometimes a sniff that Mr. George Robey could have made truly humorous. But it was so far from funny to Bobby that he ran in and said in the stern voice of man (who is ever annoyed with a woman's tears because they beat him), "You stop crying, mother—now. That never did anybody one little bit o' good, any road."

And then, as one very angry about life in general, this heartless Bobby Co-partners lumped himself down into a chair and said, "Give us my tea."

In fact, he made himself so fierce that he struck more awe into himself than he did into his mother.

Ineradicable instinct made him wonder whether she would give him a "clump alongside the skull" for his effrontery. He almost wished she would. It would give him some sort of flimsy excuse to indulge in the animal howl he so felt like. He could laugh afterwards and point out what a joke it was, and that he was really a man all the time.

And then Mrs. Brooker said, "Your father's out drinking again."

"And a damn good job, too," said Robert fiercely. "You want something to prevent ye from going mad in Kenchester."

"Bobby," said Mrs. Brooker simply.

And down went Bobby's magnificent rampart of manliness, and he had the enemy hugged close to him, and was saying things that, had the verious vanmen of Kenchester heard them, they would each have had to be fought and well vanquished before they believed that Bobby Co-partners, the unsentimental and the large of muscle, had not fallen entirely from his high estate.

"I'll rout him out, never you fear," said Bobby. "I'll talk to him—though he is my father, I don't care—like a Dutch uncle. Nice thing. No sooner does he get shoved forward into a better job in the yard than he goes drinkin' his money away. Darn fool, tha's what he is."

"Bobby, I won't have you talk of your father like that."

Bobby Co-partners threw his cap on the floor and heartily kicked it.

"Oh, woman, woman!" he said in the same general manner as every man who knows nothing about them whatever.

He picked up his cap, knocked the dust out of it on the table, chucked it on to his head, and strode out.

"Here," he began fiercely, as he opened the door. "I'll show him——"

Then he stopped.

"I'll bring him back all right, mother. P'r'aps he's stopped at the yard. Got a big contract on, I know. The arc lights were on when I passed. Don't you get worrying, old dearest."

With the unblushing lie on his lips he made exit.

Strangely enough, the first public-house he visited he blundered into Dick Oakham, who was seeking to peer through the blind outside.

"Whoy, yay!" said Bobby, weakly, in salute.

Dick Oakham was a drinker only on Saturdays. His compeers had grown tired of twitting him about it. But the squeak of his children's good "Sunday boots" was both music to his ears and ample reward.

"Where are you off?" asked Mr. Oakham.

"Just goin' to have a half pint," said Bobby. "You have one?"

"Lookin' for a man I want to see but there ain't a chink anywhere."

"Dam unbusinesslike landlord that has a 'ole in his blinds" said Bobby. "Come on. I'm dry."

It was Bobby's custom to share a pint of beer with his father in the ceremonious apartment on Sunday mornings.

"You stop crying, mother—now. That never did anybody one little bit o' good, any road."

He walked by apparent accident into the bottle and jug department first of all, drew a blank there and ordered two halves in the public bar. It was fairly full.

Mr. Oakham begged Bobby to excuse him in order that he might make inquiries regarding the man he was looking for.

What Dick Oakham said to the little groups was: "You seen Jack Brooker, mates?" And Bobby, hearing him, yet only asked him in the most casual voice possible whether he was on the track of his friend.

"'Sposin' we try somewheres else," said Bobby in answer to Mr. Oakham's gloomy shake of the head. "I'll come along with ye if you like. I've nothing partic'lar to do to-night."

"What about y'r young woman?" said Mr. Oakham. "At your age——"

"Oh, I ain't so cracked on girls as all that. There *are* other things, y'know. Like a night knockin' round on me own sometimes."

"Well, finish yer beer, man," said Mr. Oakham.

Bobby managed it in the four gulps of the plain novice.

"Got a small swaller," he explained.

Three other places showed no result.

After the fourth, Bobby hilariously smacked his father's friend on the back and linked his arm as an equal, and brother toper.

"Look 'ere, old Dick Oakham," he said with ludicrous seriousness. "You're man after m'own heart. We can't find the Old Chap. That's who I'm lookin' for. That's the man you're lookin' for." He patted Mr. Oakham's face affectionately—"Come on. Les' have 'nother drink," he said.

Dick Oakham took away his arm, and Bobby Co-partners, a very foolish looking young man at the moment, staggered.

"Good 'eavens, Bobby, you're drunk!" said Mr. Oakham.

"As a lord," said Bobby without reserve.

They were outside the fourth covert they had drawn blank. Bobby's cap was tipped on to the back of his head. A stray lock from his usually tidy hair lolloped over his forehead above his left eye.

"I ain't drunk. You didn't say I was drunk, did ye?" said Bobby suddenly. "I know what I'm sayin'. It's only the silly ground that goes roun' and roun' and roun'."

Dick Oakham merely muttered, "Good law! Good law!" very helplessly.

"Ain't used to it like you," said Bobby, with a supreme effort. "Ain't so old. 'Arf-pint once a week. Sundays. It ain't no trainin' for this—this 'ere."

Dick Oakham had a hazy idea about taking him home and explaining things. But experience had taught him that explaining things was never much good with the womenfolk of one's own house.

He humoured him.

"No. You're all right, Bobby," he said. "You come along."

He linked his arm and persuaded him to step out quickly—which alone can save a man's face when the strong waters of the land have hold of him.

They made for home by devious back ways.

Nearby Bobby's way a straggler adopting similar tactics hove into sight.

Bobby knocked into him and the stranger swore.

"The Old Chap!" said Bobby.

He pulled up short.

"Half minute," he said. "I'm going to give him—a piece of my mind. You—you—you silly, 'arf-rocked——"

It was then that a gleam of sense came into the bewildered mind of Dick Oakham.

"If the missus should see both of you like this," he said.

Brooker Senior was blinking.

"Bobby," he said, "you're—not sober."

It was a more accurate diagnosis, perhaps, than Mr. Oakham's.

Brooker Senior steadied himself.

As all his mates would admit, he was a man who could carry a lot. He pulled himself together.

"Dick," he said, "we must take the boy for a walk—a long walk. I'll get hold of his other arm. Now, come on, Bobby. March!"

They struck out for the outskirts of the town.

And as they walked the sire of Bobby Co-partners was thinking, and thinking hard.

He spoke at last as the open, free breeze of Kenchester Common cleared his brain.

And it was torn out of him, that sentence. "Dick—Dick—it's bred in the bone, you see. It's bred in the bone!"

Oakham walked on in silence for a space.

"You deceive yourself, Jack Brooker," he said at length. "The boy's got too much of his mother in him."

"Then what is ut?" asked Brooker Senior, thickly.

"You—just you. It's a wonder we ain't both fuddle-headed for your bloomin' sake. We went lookin' for you to-night—both of us. We kidded to each other it was a night out pub.-crawlin'!"

He laughed quaveringly.

"My day for a half-pint is Saturday. Bobby's is Sunday—or was—in the front room with you. Bobby put it clever when he said——"

"When I said we hadn't had no training for it," said Bobby. "Let's sit down somewhere. Then we'll be right to go home."

They found a knoll on which they sat looking over the Common of Kenchester.

"Here, father," said Bobby, presently.

"Well, boy?"

"Forgive us, will you?"

The soft breeze whirred in the lank grasses, and somewhere a night bird called.

"Forgive us, will you?" said Bobby Co-partners. "I've only been shammin'. Just to let you see what you're doin' to mother. She feels worse about you than you did about me when you thought I was screwed."

And that was the time that worthy Dick Oakham had recourse to studying his watch, which had been naught but an attachment for his chain for many years agone.

* * * * * * *

It was an hour later over a cheery fire that Mr. Richard Oakham apologised to Mrs. Brooker for the fumes of his tobacco.

But Mrs. Brooker said that she liked the smell of tobacco. She added that all brands were as one to her—the cutty pipe of Mr. Oakham, the "cut hay" that the pedantic Bobby affected, or the dark Virginia that her husband smoked.

In genteel manner she mentioned the dark Virginia last.

But the smokers, being men of the world, knew just how far it was first.

FOOTBALL GOSSIP.

NOTES ABOUT THE BIG LEAGUE TEAMS.

Bury's form in their last Cup-tie was obviously not a flash in the pan, for it was sustained in their match at home against Tottenham Hotspur, for League honours. The Londoners scored first; but Bury equalised before half-time, and about a quarter of an hour after change of ends the home side took the lead, which a strong Tottenham attack was unable to reduce. Bury are still at the bottom of the First Division table; but if they keep up their present excellent standard of play they may yet avoid relegation to the Second League at the end of the season.

Bradford City, the holders of the English Cup, created a surprise in being beaten on their own ground by Preston North End, who are several places below them on the League table, suffering defeat by 1—0.

In the Second League, the highest scoring game was the Chelsea-Grimsby Town fixture, at Chelsea, when the Londoners simply routed the visitors, winning by 4—1. They played several reserve men; and as Grimsby were practically at full strength, this made the win all the more remarkable. The game was notable for two features— one very good, and the other equally reprehensible.

The first was the excellent goalkeeping of Lonsdale, the Grimsby custodian, who was solely responsible for the fact that his team's defeat was not immeasurably greater. The other was the obvious "bad blood" that prevailed during a considerable part of the game.

The most notable match in the Southern League was that at Reading, between Reading and Swindon Town, which the home side ran out winners by 2—0. As Swindon were at the top of the table with a record of 18 wins, 4 losses, and 2 drawn games out of twenty-four matches played, as against Reading's 8—7—8—23 respectively, the latter's supporters had every reason to congratulate themselves on a very meritorious victory.

G. K.

Let Lyons help you to Succeed.

How our readers can have his advice in any business difficulty.

SIR JOSEPH LYONS, D.L.

OF all the romantic careers of our famous business men, few can compare with that of the subject of our cartoon. Starting in life as an artist, and experiencing all the troubles that beset the precarious calling of that profession, he has achieved fame as the revolutioniser of modern catering. All over the great metropolis, all over the provincial cities, you will find the depots of the great firm which he has created. And he is yet in the prime of his life, with doubtless many conquests still before him.

Now, if this wonderful man were to come to you and offer to help you in any business difficulty, would you lightly cast his assistance aside? I think not. Would you not recognise in it the opportunity of a lifetime? For what he does not know about business is truly not worth knowing. For his progress has been due to one thing and one thing only, to his business knowledge, the knowledge that tells one when to buy and how to sell, when to lay down new plant and when to retrench, that shows the way out of difficulties and the best means of seizing opportunities.

What would it mean to you?

What would it not mean to you if you could have such a man with you every day in your work to help you in *your* difficulties, to show you the way to seize *your* opportunities? You must realise that it might mean all the difference between just the mediocre measure of success that attends most hard-working men and the *real* success that comes to the few. Only a few weeks ago Andrew Carnegie, the great millionaire, told a reporter that "merely doing your duty is not sufficient. You must work with your head, and in addition to obeying orders, *work out projects of your own.*" Now, how are you to lay those projects, if you have no past experience to help you or no substitute for it, such as you would have if only you could have a man like Lyons for your partner?

How can you have it?

Do you know that you *can* have Lyons for your partner, at least as far as the benefit of his advice is concerned? And not only Lyons, but also A. W. Gamage, who has made his present huge business out of a little one-man shop; and Richard Burbidge, managing director of Harrod's Stores; and S. F. Edge, the famous expert on making and selling motor-cars, who started as a cycle racer; and James Murray Allison, who in six or seven years has reached the top of the tree in the advertising profession, and is now advertisement manager of the *Times;* and John Lawrie, managing director of William Whiteley, Ltd., who has only this winter seen his firm open the most wonderful business premises in England, if not in the world.

And the way you can get the benefit of these men's knowledge is by getting the "Business Encyclopædia" and by referring to it whenever a business difficulty faces you. Whatever your difficulty, however hard it seems, you will be able to solve it by the advice given in the "Business Encyclopædia." For it is written by men who have solved similar difficulties themselves, including all those mentioned above, and many more besides, whose names will be sent free upon request.

Is it any wonder, then, that over 50,000 successful business men and great business firms are already using the work? Can there be any doubt that you will be better able to succeed if you also have it by your side to give you advice in your difficulties and to lend you confidence in your decisions?

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In this column you will find a special coupon for readers of THE MODERN MAN, which entitles you to a free copy of an interesting book on business, that may set you on the right road to business success, just as it has set many others of your fellow-readers. In itself, it is of considerable value to any business man, for it contains actual facsimile specimens, showing how to draw up important legal documents, such as wills, agreements, leases, indentures, etc., etc.

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RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by our

PHYSICAL CULTURE EXPERT.

VALUE OF OIL.

FOR INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL APPLICATION.

One reason why the average Jew is a strong, healthy man is that in one way or another he consumes a lot of oil. Now I daresay you will exclaim that you don't want to have an oily skin, or an oleaginous perfume, but you may take a lot of oil without acquiring either of these disagreeable characteristics—provided that with the consumption of oil you combine plenty of exercise.

The Italian peasant, for instance, consumes much oil, but is anything but an oily person. Give him a skin of wine, a flask of oil, and a loaf of bread, and he will get through a day's work that would put many a British navvy to shame.

Oil serves many beneficial purposes. It lubricates the digestive system, and keeps it in good order. It is fattening and strengthening, and an excellent preventive of colds and chills. It is an easy and harmless laxative.

How should one take oil? Well, you can take it neat in the form of a tablespoonful of olive oil, say, three times a week. If that does not appeal to you, you can have it mixed with your food, or take oily foods such as sardines.

Perhaps, however, you cannot, or fancy you cannot—for there is a good deal of imagination about it—stomach oil in any shape or form. Well then, take it through your skin—that is, massage, or have yourself thoroughly massaged, particularly over the chest and abdomen, say, twice a week. If the massaging is properly done, the oil will be completely absorbed, and will not leave any unpleasant traces on your skin. Apart from its general beneficial effect, massaging with oil is splendid for the muscles.

TO MAKE GOOD SHOULDERS.

DUMB-BELLS MAY BE USED, IF DESIRED.

Don't bend the knees.

Here is a capital exercise for shoulders and back, to be performed preferably with dumb-bells.

Holding the bells as usual, stoop down and touch the floor with the bells, at the same time being careful not to allow the knees to bend.

Now, keeping the head bent down and the arms perfectly straight, raise the bells up in front of the body and bring them over the head.

Then lower the bells till they come down to the sides, at the same time rising on the toes as high as possible and expanding the chest.

Contract the chest and repeat eight times.

ARM FLINGING.

In men who lead sedentary lives, or who sit or stand badly, the muscles leading from the chest to the arms often become short and tight; while, on the other hand, the muscles which connect the shoulder-blades with the spine lengthen and become weak.

Arm-flinging is an excellent remedy for this condition. Standing in the usual position, heels together, raise the arms to the level of the shoulders; then double them inwards so that the points of the fingers nearly meet in front of the chest. Fling the arms wide open with a quick, lively movement, and repeat ten or twelve times.

It is most important in this exercise that the elbows should not be allowed to come forward. They must be kept back in a line with, but behind the shoulders. The effect of the exercise when the elbows are kept in the proper position is to contract the scapular spinal muscles—i.e., those connecting the shoulder-blades and spine, and thus gradually strengthening and shortening them. This leads to a better position of the shoulders.

At the same time arm-flinging has a bloodrelieving effect on the chest, and leads to a slight and beneficial vaulting of the upper ribs.

Remember that when arm-flinging, the arms must always move in a horizontal plane, no matter what the position of the trunk, which, by the way, must be kept still.

PHYSICAL CULTURE ANSWERS.

B. M. (Newcastle) asks if there is any exercise in billiards. Of course there is, very beneficial walking and stooping exercise. When exercising I often play an imaginary game of billiards.

D. K. L. (Wimbledon).—The best cure for the stiffness experienced by the beginner at skating is skating. If you stop skating until the stiffness has worn off it will come on again.

N. R. (Bradford).—Stimulants before an athletic contest are, as a rule, fatal, especially to staying power; but I know a Rugby forward who immediately before a match invariably had a brandy-and-soda, and he usually finished stronger than he began.

R. F. D. (Felixstowe).—(a) When training for a mile, or any distance, for that matter, you should not run the full distance at racing pace. (b) It is fatal to continue practising up to the day of the event. There should be a clear interval

"Not quite so fast my boy! It's easy for you to step out now that you've had your height increased, but remember that Arthur Girvan wasn't teaching when I was under forty!"

If you are under forty, I can increase your height by from two to three inches by perfectly natural and scientific means; no appliances required. Write for particulars.

ARTHUR GIRVAN,

Specialist in the Increase of Height,

(Dept. MM.), 17, Stroud Green Road, London, N.

between your last training sprint and the day of the race. How long depends on the nature of the contest. When Mr. J. H. Bishop won the world's twenty-four hours' cycling championship he did not put his leg across his bicycle for a week beforehand. Give yourself two clear days' rest.

F. R. (Manchester).—Though your present measurements are by no means all they might be, still they compare very favourably with the other table which you enclose, and which you compiled six months ago. Your plan of keeping a record of your progress in this manner is one which every physical culturist should adopt.

T. G. A. (Gateshead).—Thanks for photo, but the pose is, as you say, not quite satisfactory. Next time you should not let the photographer pose you, but should select your own position. Study yourself in the looking-glass, and see which pose shows up your muscles to the best advantage; then insist on being taken in that pose and none other.

W. N. (Gloucester).—An old trick and a good one for learning to start quickly from the mark is to get into position and then throw over your shoulder, as high as you can, a small stone. Dash off the moment you hear it touch the ground, just as you would on the report of the pistol.

4th 'CENTRES' COMPETITION

YET ANOTHER BICYCLE AND TEN HALF-CROWNS FOR CLEVER "CENTRES."

NO ENTRANCE FEE.

We have pleasure in offering another bicycle for the best "Centre," and ten half-crown consolation prizes for those which come next in merit.

The phrase from which you must form your "Centre" is "British Bluejackets."

If you examine these words, you will find that the centre letters are "T" and "A" respectively. Now, we want you to form a phrase of two words beginning with "T" and "A" respectively, and bearing some relation in meaning to the phrase given.

The two words may be humorous, serious, or pathetic, whichever you like. For example, your "Centre" might be "Trusted Always," but don't use that one, for it is only an example.

If you prefer it, the first word may begin with "A" and the second with "T."

Write your "Centre" on the coupon for our 4th "Centres" Competition appearing on page 634, and forward it to "4th Centre," THE MODERN MAN Offices, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London, to reach us not later than the first post on Tuesday, February 27. The result will appear in our issue published on Monday, March 4.

Send as many attempts as you like, but each must be written on a separate coupon.

No correspondence can be entered into regarding this Competition.

The Editor's decision is final and binding in every respect, and competitors may enter only on that understanding.

2nd 'CENTRES' COMPETITION RESULT

The phrase set in our second "Centres" Competition was "Sailors' Sweethearts." For his phrase "Letters Help," the bicycle offered in that competition goes to Mr. F. M. Dalton, 55, Aston Street, Bramley, Leeds.

The Consolation prizes of half a crown each have been sent to the following, whose "Centres" come next in merit: Messrs. R. T. Haben, Ballasalla, Isle of Man; W. Bingsham, 56, Westcourne Grove, Hessle, East Yorks; W. J. Armstrong, 4, Spring Hall Place, Halifax, Yorks; M. English, 21, Pont Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne; E. Welch, 20, Upper West Street, Reigate, Surrey; H. Daniel, 14, Tolver Place, Penzance; J. Price, 78, Malcfont Street, Cardiff; J. H. Lewis, 12, Heron Road, St. Mark's Road, Bristol; P. Smith, 11, Goodhead Street, Nottingham; G. Hughes, High Street, Trelewis, near Treharris, South Wales.

4th FOOTBALL COMPETITION RESULT.

In our Fourth Football Competition no competitor was successful in forecasting all the results correctly. One competitor was only one goal wrong in his forecasts, all other competitors having a larger number of errors than that. To this competitor, Mr. G. Young, 53, Kingsley Road, Maidstone, has therefore been awarded all the money available for distribution—namely, £5 3s. 6d.

"Consuetudine animus rursus te huc inducet"

The habit of taking Mustard regularly at meals is one that grows as its benefit in whetting the appetite and promoting digestion is realised. The young man who "looks for the Mustard pot" is laying the foundation of a good digestion for old age. Especially if he insists on

COLMAN'S D.S.F. mustard

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by a thoroughly competent specialist is an absolute necessity if really beneficial results are desired. This individuality cannot be given by exponents of crown or cheaper courses; but, on the other hand, it is unnecessary to pay a number of guineas for a course of instructions to suit your needs.

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Write NOW for my Free Booklet, "The Use and Abuse of Exercise," describing my method, and giving particulars of my Great Cash Gifts Scheme.

J. JACKSON ROBINSON, PHYSICAL CULTURE SPECIALIST.
(Dept. M7), 18, Cheltenham Avenue, Liverpool S.

A BOON TO SHORT PEOPLE.

There is no need to point out the advantages of being tall. Height is a valuable asset in practically all walks of life. Are you satisfied with your present height? No doubt you have previously accepted the lack of inches as inevitable. There is no longer any need for this spirit. The **Vertebra Method** effects a decided improvement in all cases. I wish you to send for free particulars. **Compare the price** of my system with those at present on the market, take into consideration that the Vertebra is the **original method** and I have no doubt about the result.—**R. FUTTY, 68, Chiltern St., HULL.**

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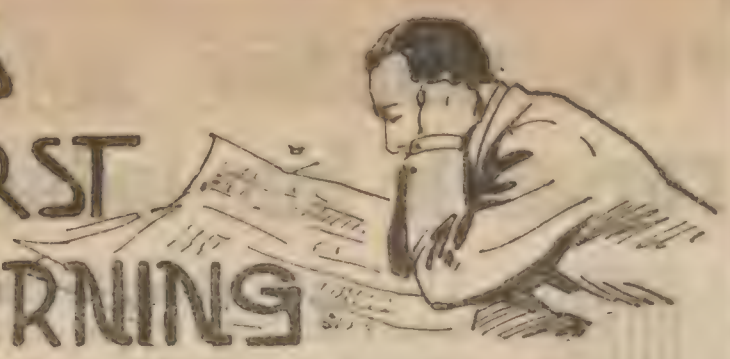
HIS FIRST MORNING



A STUDY IN LONELINESS.

By S. MORSE CHAPLIN.

It was his first morning at the new place, and, punctually at nine, he walked up the unfamiliar stairs and along a passage to the door marked "General Office."

He walked in.

A charwoman was there, but no one else. Apparently he had come too soon. There was the dank smell of wet floors in the air. Along the wall on either side stood time-stained desks, bleak and bare-looking in the dull morning light.

He hung up his hat and coat on a stand in the corner and shot down his cuffs and brushed a few flecks from his coat.

He looked at the charwoman, hesitating between addressing her in a tone of friendly familiarity or maintaining a silence indicating easy confidence.

Easy confidence won. Her depressed expression and utter lack of interest in him were no encouragement to nonchalant advances.

At ten minutes past nine an office-boy sauntered in. He regarded the new-comer with a glance of casual indifference, and proceeded to bang drawers and books about, whistling and humming alternately to himself. Into his eyes there crept presently a light of humour, sardonic to the point of devilishness.

The new clerk cleared his throat.

"Er—can you tell me," he asked, "where I have got to sit—er—which is my desk?"

"Have ta wait for Mr. Thurley," was the condensed rejoinder.

"All right; thanks"— and he leaned against one of the desks, hands in trousers pockets and staring intently at his boots.

Two other clerks entered. They went on talking as they changed into shabby office-coats. One of them caught the new clerk's eye and nodded what might have been a good-morning. Both, in secret, seemed to be regarding him with commiseration.

At intervals of a minute or two, several more clerks came in. The new arrival moved away from the desk against which he was leaning, on a short, dark, disagreeable young man addressing him with a "Have to trouble you! Th-enks!"

He stood in the middle of the office with a growing sense of helplessness and isolation.

"Can you tell me," he inquired of the nearest young man, "if Mr. Thurley has come yet?"

"Doesn't usually get here till ten o'clock."

"Oh, much obliged."

A pause.

"Er—I suppose you don't know which is my place? I'm Mr. Martin, you know."

"That desk, I think" (pointing). "Mr. Thurley will tell you."

"Mr. Thurley is the chief clerk, I take it?"

"He'll do his best to make you think so," was the reply, and the speaker wriggled into comfort on his stool and humped his shoulders as he opened a large ledger. Mr. Martin walked up the office to the desk which had been indicated.

He stood uncertainly for a few moments looking at the array of old pens on a broken-down pen-rack. He glanced with a sort of appeal at the clerk on either side of him—the men who were to be his colleagues for weeks, months, perhaps years to come. He experienced a curious stirring of rage with himself for caring whether they took notice of his presence or not.

After all, he was as good as they were!—and why should it be brought home that he was an outcast or excommunicate, until he had paid his footing or made himself liked by better acquaintance?

"Damn their ceremony!" thought Mr. Martin, as he sat down on his stool and rested his feet on the ledge beneath. "Damn all the conservative ceremony of men!"

An interval went by. Then he suddenly, and rather viciously, got to his feet.

He marched down the office to the hat-and-coat stand, defiance stiffening his figure as he felt himself the target of eyes.

He put a hand into one of the pockets of his coat and pulled out a newspaper. Returned with it to his stool, elaborately indifferent.

There he spread it out on his desk and proceeded to pretend to read it till Mr. Thurley arrived.

"Damn!" he said once more, in the loneliness of his heart.

THE "ONE BACK" GAME.

Beyond the stipulation that only one goalkeeper is allowed, there is no regulation in Association football to insist on any particular formation of the eleven men in a team.

Thus it is that some brainy captains, when they see that the opposing forwards are in good form, will suddenly adopt the "one back game." As the title suggests, this consists of taking one man from the back line and placing him elsewhere, generally among the halves.

The object of this, of course, is to have the opposing forwards pulled up as often as possible for "offside," an offence to which, under the circumstances, they will be especially liable. Such an arrangement also permits of strengthening defence at a point nearer the enemy's goal, for four backs who are well together take a lot of getting past. Experts, however, are pretty generally decided that the usual formation of a team is the soundest on the whole.

SUN YAT SEN'S FRIEND.

THE MAN WHO SAVED CHINA'S FIRST PRESIDENT

Dr. James Cantlie, to whom indirectly is due the fact that China has been proclaimed a republic, and directly that Sun Yat Sen is named its first president, is a big broad-shouldered man, with a massive head, genial twinkling eyes, and close-cropped grey beard.

Territorials, as the successors of the old Volunteers, owe him a great debt of gratitude, for it was he who, with Sir William Guyer Hunter, founded and established the St. John Ambulance Corps, with which he has ever since been closely associated. In Hong Kong Dr. Cantlie organised among his native students a replica of the home association which has been a great success.

Before he migrated to China, Dr. Cantlie had made a sojourn in Egypt, where he was one of the twelve British surgeons (styled locally the twelve apostles) who volunteered for service during the great cholera epidemic which ravaged the Nile district throughout the summer of 1885. The scourge carried off some 180,000 victims, and that this huge tally was not largely augmented was due to the ministration of the "apostles," for the epidemic was—as is generally the case with Egyptian cholera—of a peculiarly virulent type, and save in the cases attended by the European doctors there were practically no recoveries.

How many Fellaheen owed their lives to Cantlie's devoted care one would not like to estimate, but this writer recalls many a long night spent in the doctor's company in Rosetta and other towns and villages on the lower Nile —places deserted by all save the victims from the pestilence.

We used to make our way through the foul streets, with lanterns, and laden with needful drugs, and visit each reeking mud hut. It was nasty work and not a little weird, for cholera patients are mostly very silent, and the only sounds that met us were faint mutterings, or a gurgling death rattle.

Lean desert dogs stalked here and there in the darkness and prowling hyenas slunk away at our approach. Beside every human being we found we halted, and this writer held the lanterns while the doctor, kneeling, made investigations into our patient's condition.

Many, it is true, were already dead, but many more were only in the collapse stage (to a layman scarcely distinguishable from death) from which recovery is sometimes made, and in such cases Cantlie would set to work with untiring energy, and by his skill and resource often win back a life.

Since then Dr. Cantlie has seen much of cholera in China and elsewhere, but it was in Egypt that he gained his first grip of the disease.

WHY NOT TRY THIS PROGRAMME NEXT SATURDAY AFTERNOON?

During the winter months, when the weather has gone to pieces, a man is thrown idle so far as his more or less organised outdoor life is concerned. He is at a loose end, and having no definite object, he turns to the pleasures of the town.

The pendulum of our interests must keep swinging, however, and soon there is a renewed desire to enjoy more elemental pleasures. Perhaps we have taken to the club, the smoking-room, or the fireside at the diggings, with too furious an onset.

Suddenly one day we realise that we have become town hermits, and the country still has a power to attract, but it requires a certain wrench and revolution to resume the open life under present conditions.

GETTING READY.

It is no matter now of stepping from the house to the road without altering one's equipment. It means a certain amount of preparation, and the longer one remains within doors the harder it becomes to make the necessary adjustment of one's plans for the winter season.

To the town-dwelling man it is especially difficult at first to see the attractive side of vile weather. The prospect of the street down which the rain is driving before a swirling wind, is not a cheerful one. The streaming window, the drip of rain from railing and lamp-post, the skimpy, stunted, over-clipped trees bending and shaking in the gusts, and the thin streams of water running across the pavements, are not things to draw one from an armchair or a comfortable club-room where there are other men of like tastes. Nor is the quiet day with unbroken grey sky, and a hint of smoke in the air, any more alluring.

Nevertheless, there comes a moment when a man does wish to get out into the open and to see the new earth during the long bare period that does not terminate till spring, and so one Saturday afternoon we find ourselves on an outward-bound train. We pass through our usual suburban station and watch several stations pass before we get out.

OUT IN THE OPEN.

At once the cords that bound you to the town and its comforts fall from you, and you are glad to be out here, eighteen miles from the suburban belt, and with unlimited broken country, of hills and woods, and lanes, and real little villages at intervals, like irregular knots on a long string, and quite unlike the suburban settlements with their new red-brick houses in lengthening rows.

Here, indeed, is the country, and the first thing you notice with delight is the pleasing smell of wood and wet land.

The rain has ceased now, but out here its effects last longer than in the town, where every street has its drains and water is carried off as soon as it has fallen.

Once clear of the little station, you are surrounded by innumerable interests. The very road itself is fascinating. The rain has made rivulets from the crown to the sides, and there is a general flow of water, by degrees, into the ditches. In the banks there is a constant sound of falling water as the old moss-covered, earthenware pipes carry the flood from the fields to the ditches.

THE BARE EARTH.

Along the edges of the road the refined earth, carried off the road, lies in strips like tiny sandbanks. It is this action of the rain that makes the six inches of road close to the grass ride so pleasant for cycling.

For the first time since summer you are able to enjoy the change that the last three months or so have wrought. When last you were here the hedges were thick with upstanding vegetation, and the leaves were thick everywhere. Now hardly two blades of grass together are upright. All is a faded brown, and the hedge itself is a skeleton.

Over the hedge the ploughed furrows shine with moisture, and here and there in the pastures long flashes have formed in the hollows. Here, should a frost follow, will be the spot where all the youngsters of the place will congregate to "keep the pot a-boiling" on the well-worn slide.

The open fields seem at first the most unattractive and depressing spaces, but they have a distinct character, in these seasons, which only those who linger about them can appreciate. A faint mist almost always floats about the hedges, making the sodden and belated blackberries drip solemnly. Winter flocks of wild birds make their energetic progress across the wet grass in search of food. Sometimes one comes across the giant mushroom that will make a sensation in the village if you are curious enough to take it a mile or two farther on, wrapped in your handkerchief. It has escaped the searchers earlier in the season, and now it is black and heavy, and falling to pieces, and fit for nothing but a paragraph in the local paper.

You are completely cut off from human beings out in these fields that seem to succeed one another endlessly, as far as the eye can roam, and often, in some parts, as far as the imagination can stretch.

SOUNDS OF THE FORGE.

As you get close to the village the fragrance of burning wood sets you thinking of a cottage where a cup of tea and a hunch of home-made bread and real farm butter can be eaten in comfort. Walking up the "street" as most of the inhabitants call the road in which they dwell, there comes the ring of a blacksmith's strokes upon a red-hot horse-shoe—half deadened thuds, yet with a ring in them nevertheless, and alternately there is the clear, sharp note of the striker's tapping on the anvil as a sort of preliminary.

Exactly where it is you cannot tell, for the village is all angles and gables, and not until you turn a corner and see the glaring furnace do you quite fathom the curious echoes of the place. Every village has its peculiar echoes.

You stand, a child again, watching the blacksmith. He is an expert, and handles the hammer and the tongs and the iron he is shaping with consumate skill.

WAITING FOR THE TRAIN.

Once again you take to the road, having chosen this way to the station in preference to a field path, which at night is difficult to find, and on a slippery, strange footpath in pitch darkness, it is hard to keep one's feet.

The last twenty minutes of your afternoon are spent in the "Railway Hotel" just outside the station. You have the place to yourself, and can wander round the parlour looking at the old hunting pictures, the almanacks, the maps of the country, and the other objects that fit in so well with the character of the little house.

With a rattle and a thump you hear the arm of the signal across the way drop for the train, and as you step on to the platform the engine's lights shine brightly as the train rounds the curve. You have caught it in splendid time.

C. EASTON-GREY.

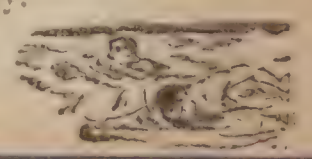
"MIXED" SWIMMING RACES.

Law 33 of the Amateur Swimming Association's Rules has of late received much violent opposition from swimmers—chiefly, it may be noted, from those of the fair sex. The law in question runs: "No mixed races or competitions (namely, ladies and gentlemen competing together) shall be permitted under A.S.A. laws at meetings where the public are admitted."

To the unbiassed critic this law seems to possess points both for and against it.

In the first instance, it should be noted in its favour that there is nothing more unsatisfactory than a mixed swimming race. On level terms, the average woman doesn't stand an earthly chance against the average male swimmer, and in the ordinary way there is no satisfactory method of handicapping the sexes. Just as a hundred yards sprint between men and women would be ridiculous on the face of it, so are mixed swimming races. Certainly in this connection, the A.S.A.'s restriction is a wise one.

But, on the other hand, we may be permitted to comment on the words, included in law 33, "where the public are admitted." There is a certain Mrs. Grundy-ish sound about this; and if the rule has been framed with any idea of that kind behind it, it should be made clear at once that there is no need for alarm. There is no reason at all why men and women should not swim in the same baths (in fact London possesses two public baths where mixed bathing is allowed). Provided that the baths are properly conducted, there is no more to complain of morally than in mixed hockey.



LOYALTY UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

A BUSINESS PROBLEM.

Once let a grievance get hold of a man, and he is its slave for ever. A business grievance is one of the most tenacious of all, and as often as not makes the life of the man who has it a very miserable affair.

There is no place in the world where grievances are so easily discovered and so readily fostered, as in any sort of business house.

The atmosphere of these places seems peculiarly adapted to the growth of grievances, and they flourish at all times in all ranks of employees and employers.

It need hardly be said that most grievances of a business character are those which relate, first to precedence, and secondly to pay. Some people would, perhaps, say that the grievance of grievances is the money one, but this is not by any means always so.

There are many offices where, when a man enters he does so with full knowledge of the amount of his pay for many years to come. He accepts the work, therefore, with his eyes open.

But apart from money, there are innumerable points on which one or another member of a staff is almost sure to consider himself aggrieved.

The moment this deadly irritation is set up in the mind of an employee, he has a hard battle to fight.

How is he to put an end to the grievance? That is his one idea.

The possibility that it is not a real grievance; that it has no solid basis in actual fact; that the other fellow has not been favoured or promoted out of his turn—these and similar points do not occur to him. He has a grievance, and it is to him as real as light and darkness.

He may think, as strikers think, and say he will not do this or that, or he will do this or that, according to his individual case and circumstances.

Then in the midst of his thoughts, there comes the question as to how far he ought to smother his own feelings for the sake of loyalty to his firm, his house's reputation and success. This is where his character is going to be tested.

It is one of the most difficult things in the world to work loyally if one is seething with a sense of injustice. This is apt to rob a man of all his common sense.

He will—unless he thinks of the ideal of loyalty which should animate him—do his work in a slipshod fashion. He will lose his temper frequently over trifles, he may even be rude and ill-mannered to his colleagues, and possibly surly to those below him. He, perhaps, will preserve a sullen sort of neutrality to his employer.

All of which tends to make life for the others a rather miserable business.

But for his own sake the man with a grievance would do well to let none see that he has it.

While he is taking another man's money, he should at all costs be loyal to that man's interests.

The clerk who will "let the firm down" because he is angry with it, is by no means unknown, but such a man ends by being too well known to get into any business at all.

Business is impersonal. Grievances are essentially personal, and should be independently and privately adjusted.

R. FEATHERSTONE.

FINANCE.

(In this section we place at the service of our readers the advice of our Financial Editor. It must be strictly understood, however, that we accept no responsibility for any opinions he may express.—EDITOR.)

At the moment of writing the Stock Exchange is full of rumours as to satisfactory negotiations being in full operation with Germany for a better understanding between the two countries. Whether these negotiations come to anything or not is another matter; but prices are all very much better, and Consols have risen three-quarters of a point one day, which is an enormous rise for this stock.

The better tone has pervaded all markets, and ... Mines have joined in the upward movement to a ... extent.

Home Rails have been extremely brisk, and satisfact... news re the coal-miners' strike would, in my opinion, creat... quite a boom here. Strike or no strike, this market is go... higher.

Duff Development Company's shares, referred to in ... column last week, have improved to 17s. 6d., and my inf... mation is still favourable to a considerable further rise ... this stock.

The Sun Insurance Company state in their balance-sheet that they hold no British Government securities. If other Insurance Companies have sold out their Consols, &c., no wonder prices have been depressed, and as the old country is still very much alive, perhaps some of these companies will be glad to buy back into British Government securities some day at much higher prices.

There seems to be another insurrection in Mexico, which has adversely affected Mexican stocks; but holders need not be afraid, as I think this rising will soon be quelled.

FINANCIAL ANSWERS.

P. G. (Hornsea).—If you are prepared to pay for ... shares and wait, there is a chance of making a good ... but you would find it would be too expensive for a spec... tive bargain on account of the carry-over charges.

"Ether" (Brighton).—Much too risky for an investment.

T. A. (Skipton).—I should advise your spreading ... money over Nos. 1, 3, and 7. The others are very speculative.

"Harry" (Alton).—You have no option in the matter, the shares being in your name you are bound to pay the call. Take the first opportunity of disposing of them that offers.

"Doubtful" (Llangollen).—The company is in the ... class, perfectly safe, and I think you would do well to hold.

THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

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AUTOCRATIC WATER-RATS.

THE GREAT MUSIC-HALL SOCIETY.

The society of variety artists known as the "Grand Order of Water Rats" is the autocrat of the music-hall world—a benevolent autocrat to a great extent, for the order does much good by stealth.

At the same time, the Water Rats wield great power, and the manager who incurs their wrath is going to have a very unpleasant time of it.

If the "Rats" send a music-hall manager to Coventry, he will be boycotted by practically the whole of the variety profession.

For example, some years ago when it was proposed that a person acquitted of a sensational murder should appear on the "halls," the "Rats" objected, and the managers concerned very wisely and promptly gave way, knowing that if they persisted no artiste of repute would have appeared in the same bill with the "hero" of the hour, once the "Rats" had said no.

Fame is no passport to the order. Many of the leading artistes are members, but many are not, and it would be hopeless for them to get in. On the other hand, a comparatively obscure man will be elected if he is a thoroughly good chap.

The Water Rats' headquarters are at the Vaudeville Club in Charing Cross Road. All "Rats" are members of the club, but it does not by any means follow that a member of the club will ever be admitted to the apartments where the Water Rats hold their secret meetings.

The officials of the order are the King Rat, Prince Rat, Test Rat, Musical Rat, Bank Rat, and Scribe Rat.

Annually the Water Rats give a ball, invitations to which are eagerly sought for. As much as £100 has been offered for a ticket, but they are not to be bought.

FLAG-HOISTING.

HINTS FOR THE LANDSMAN.

Most landsmen are content to hoist a flag anyhow, letting it trail on the ground before pulling it up to the flag-staff head, very often upside-down—a lubberly way of doing things, and one which entails unnecessary wear and tear on the bunting.

Bunting flags are sold ready roped and toggled, the toggle being the small piece of shaped wood at the top of the canvas binding, which shows which is the upper edge of the flag. The end of the rope hanging below the binding is sometimes fitted with an eye-splice, and sometimes left plain.

The first thing to do is to fold the flag properly. It should be spread out and folded in two the long way, or in four if it is a large one. Then the end is brought back to the binding and the folded bunting rolled tightly towards the rope, which should be wrapped round it; the end being tucked under the last turn of the rope, leaving the eye-splice free.

To hoist the flag, that end of the halyard which will go to the masthead is fastened to the toggle by means of a bowline-knot, the other end of the halyard—called the down-haul—being made fast to the eye-splice with a clove-hitch or a topsail-sheet-bend; or if there is no eye-splice, the two ropes may be fastened together with a reef-knot.

If more than one flag is to be hoisted, the toggle of the second is inserted in the eye-splice of the first rope, and so on. In this case, if there is no eye-splice, the bight of rope must be formed into a running bowline to hold the toggle.

The flag, or flags, are hoisted in their furled-up state until the top toggle reaches the mast. Directly the toggle jams in the truck a smart tug should be given the down-haul, when the eye-splice will slip from under the rope wrapped round the flag, and it will unfold or be "broken" and fly out gracefully on the breeze.

The halyard is then made fast to the cleat on the flag-staff and the business is finished.

To place a flag at half-mast, the correct method is to hoist it to the truck, then break it out and lower it slowly to a position one-third of the way between the mast-head and the ground level.

Flags may be hoisted at any hour after sunrise, and should be hauled down exactly at sunset, local time. They should never be allowed to remain flying all night.

THERE ARE SPORTING OPPORTUNITIES FOR EVEN THE POOREST LONDONER.

The general reader, as he flashes in a fast train through London's suburbs and sees now and again large expanses of green field whereon in the summer cricket-balls are being whacked lustily by the batsmen of possibly as many as thirty-four clubs at a time; and in winter, where probably a dozen or more football matches—between thumping good teams by the way—are in progress simultaneously, hardly ever realises that the organisation behind the enjoyment of all these sportsmen is the London Playing Fields Society.

SPORT FOR ALL.

The sane man—and this connotes the sportsman—when he hears the word "charity" mentioned, deplores the fact that in so many cases charity goes hand-in-hand with benefit to its promoters. In other words, that only too many charitable societies are run with a view to enriching themselves; but the L.P.F., to give it its shorter but almost equally well-known title, exists solely for the fostering of sport among men who otherwise might not be able to afford it.

Thus every summer sees the fine total of 5,500 cricketers, working-men and clerks, who for some reason or other are not too well off, disporting themselves at their favourite game, while 600 others favour lawn tennis, and there is a fair sprinkling of bowling clubs.

In the winter 1,672 footballers and 242 hockey players are provided with pitches at low rents. These are interesting to note.

CRICKET AND FOOTBALL CHARGES.

Speaking roughly, the charge to a cricket-club for a pitch on alternate Saturdays is, on an average, £7 per annum, and if the club runs a second eleven and wants the pitch every week the yearly fee will be about £12, payable in each case by instalments.

The charge to footballers works out at about the same—namely, £6 per annum for a pitch on alternate Saturdays and £12 for its use every week; but when we consider how much longer the football season is than the period allotted to the summer game, it is obvious that the footballer is let in very well— to use a racing expression.

By the way, this year witnesses the majority of the London Playing Fields Society, for it was founded twenty-one years ago. One of the biggest things it did at the outset of its career was to arrange for cheap railway fares for players who had to use grounds lying outside the inner suburban area. At first land was taken on lease, not the best system by any means, but soon the society began to acquire freehold land. Now it has twelve great grounds round London, providing the following accommodation:

IMPRESSIVE FIGURES.

Cricket	241	pitches.
Football	76	,,
Hockey	11	,,
Lawn tennis	59	,,
Bowling greens	3	,,
Total area	268¼	acres.

Besides Saturday matches the grounds are also open for "early closing" clubs who play on Mondays, Thursdays, and other days, while you will even sometimes see cricket and football in progress on Sunday between orthodox Jewish clubs.

Calling at the society's headquarters recently, the writer found Mr. F. R. Bush, the secretary, ensconced amid an array of golf-clubs, tennis rackets, cricket bats, footballs, and a large number of toy horses.

"Every year," he said, "we solicit gifts of old bats, rackets, tennis balls, &c., for free distribution among poor boys' clubs and so on; and a large number of benevolent people—ladies, of course—seem to think that the fiery steeds will be welcome as well!"

STEPHEN HIGGS.

BRIEF REPLIES.

[Under this heading we endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required, a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

"Young Author" (Aldeburgh).—It is a mistake to suppose that editors do not read MSS. submitted to them by unknown writers. Naturally, however, an editor gets in the way of telling almost at a glance whether a contribution is likely to suit him or not.

H. M. J. (Dublin).—A professional football club which, without satisfactory reason, fails to play its full strength in any match is liable to a fine not exceeding £150.

G. McD. (Margate).—A trainer training horses on Newmarket Heath pays annually to the Jockey Club a Heath tax of seven guineas for every horse and three guineas for every yearling trained by him.

"Hopeful" (Carshalton).—Dr. Forbes Winslow once told us that there were more lunatics outside asylums than inside them, and your letter convinces us that the doctor knew what he was talking about.

A. H. C. (Sheffield).—Despite his Christian name, Melbourne Inman, the famous billiard-player, is not an Australian. He is an Englishman, born at Twickenham, where his father kept a gentleman's club, in the billiard-room of which the boy first learned to hold a cue. We don't know how he got his Christian name.

"Sincere Admirer" (Oldham).—A "plate" is a race to be run for money or other prize without any stake being made by the owners of the horses engaged.

R. G. (Truro).—The "haggis," as the famous Scotch dish is called, is in reality only the envelope which contains the meats. Haggis may be made of the richest mixed game, but in an ordinary household is composed of two sheep's plucks, with an addition of finely chopped suet.

R. C. (St. Noets).—Probably caused by the soap you used. Next time when out of dog soap, use a good spoonful of soft soap in a pail of water, and add a bare teaspoon of salad oil; beat it up well. The result is a soft, silky coat and no skin trouble.

F. M. (Plymouth).—A clean and good adhesive for photographic work is made of either white starch or arrowroot, well boiled and left to get cold; it should be a thick jelly.

A. P. P. (Liverpool).—You will find salt a good thing for strengthening the gums. So is myrrh and borax.

B. J. (Sydenham).—The best thing is to keep a bottleful of a weak solution of salts of lemon on your washstand. It will cleanse the fingers and nails from ink, motor-grease, and other stains.

C. S. (Bedford).—Nothing more aggravating, but next time you are confronted by a cold wet ride of many miles after hunting, pull up at a public-house and tip a glass of spirit down the back of your neck and one into each boot. This has saved many an illness like yours.

H. F. G. (Chichester).—Possibly caused by rats. Put some oatmeal near their holes for several nights, and then mix some with plaster of Paris. Place pans of water near, as the rats drink greedily, and the plaster of Paris setting inside, kills them. Of course, this is only for outside work.

V. M. (Ashford).—They do get shabby soon, but if you occasionally wash your dog collars and leads with saddle soap and give them a polish with brown boot paste, they will last smart three times as long.

R. S. (Southend).—Hang your ties over a round piece of wood suspended in your wardrobe; they will get far less creased than when thrown carelessly into a drawer.

"Perfume" (Manchester).—A good brand of Eau de Cologne or lavender water, or the two blended, are really the only scents permissible for a man's use, and even then use sparingly. A piece of orris root kept in your handkerchief-case is quite sufficient to give the handkerchiefs a slight perfume of violets.

C. D. (Dartmoor).—Next time you sprain your wrist and are unable to get a leather strap for a day or so, try a wide piece of black ribbon of stout texture wound round twice or three times and securely sewn. It makes an excellent substitute.

G. R. C. (Elgin).—Probably caused by cold. A quick and generally sure remedy for a raging toothache from this cause is to soak a piece of brown paper in gin or any other spirit, pepper it well, and apply to the face. Keep on till dry.

C. F. (Chingford), **R. C. H.** (Manchester), **J. J.** (Lincoln), **N. G.** (Walton), **T. F.** (Leicester), **J. M. M.** (Swindon), **A. W. N.** (Glasgow), **F. H.** (Grimsby), **B. W. R.** (Leeds), **E. C.** (Accrington).—Much obliged.

WHY A WHITING?

It was with fear and trembling that Percy Popjoy ascended the little platform at the vicar's concert to sing his coster song, for he knew that Bert Squealin, the famous Cockney comedian, was among the audience. He summoned all his courage, however, and sang that plaintive ballad whose last line runs, "Ow, 'Arriet, I'm a-wytin'." Percy fancied the way he said "wytin'."

His ordeal over, he daringly approached the great coster songster.

"What did you think of the way I sang it?" he asked.

"Fust-rate, laddyboy," said the other. "But why didn't you say you was a bloomin' 'errin'?"

AN INTERESTING LITTLE SUM.

What you pay - - -	1/-
The value we don't charge you for	9/6
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THE MODERN MAN half-guinea Fountain Pen will be sent to any reader in the United Kingdom for 1s. and 12 Pen Coupons.

The nib is 14-carat solid gold, and ball-pointed. The ink is supplied by a twin-feed, with spiral attachment. The body of the pen is of the finest black vulcanite, handsomely chased. It is packed in a special box, with glass-filler and full directions.

A pocket clip to fix the pen securely in the vest pocket is presented absolutely free.

HOW TO SECURE ONE OF THESE PENS.

On page 634 you will find a Pen Coupon. Cut this out, and collect 11 further Pen Coupons, either by purchasing additional copies of the paper or by getting the Coupons from friends who are already readers.

If you buy extra copies from which to cut the Coupons, it is understood that you will give the copies to those whom you think likely to become regular readers.

When you have collected your 12 Pen Coupons, to send them along with a Postal Order for 1s. to "Fountain Pen," THE MODERN MAN Offices, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London, and your pen will immediately be sent to you.

THE MODERN MAN LEAGUE.

Membership of the League is open to all regular readers of this paper. There is no subscription nor do members undertake any other liability. The League, with its thousands of members, has been the means of bringing into touch many similar tastes and making friendships all over the world.

The wearing of the League badge gives you the privilege of an introduction to other members in whatever part of the country you happen to be.

The League badge is obtainable in the following forms and at the following prices:

Gold-plated tie-pin	6d.	Solid silver tie-pin	1/-
Gold-plated safety-pin	6d.	Solid silver safety-pin	1/-
Gold-plated lapel or cap badge	6d.	Solid silver lapel or cap badge	1/-
Gold-plated pendant for watch-chain	6d.	Solid silver pendant for watch-chain	1/-

9-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant ..... 6s.
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Fill up the coupon, striking out the words which do not apply, enclose it with a P.O. to cover the price of the badge you select, and post your letter to the Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London. Please write the word "League" on the top left-hand corner of your envelope.

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Please enrol me as a Member of THE MODERN MAN League and forward me a Badge of Membership, for which I enclose P.O. value.....

I desire the Badge to be of 18-ct. gold, 9-ct. gold, solid silver, gold-plated; and it is to be fitted as a tie-pin, a safety-pin, a pendant for the watch-chain, a lapel or cap badge. (Strike out the words which do not apply.)

Signature.....

Address.....

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The League Badge Actual Size.

A SKETCH.

A BREEDING QUESTION

By BERNARD MACKLIN.

"You knew my old man and the dear old lady when they kept the 'Black Feathers' down home, didn't you?"

Mr. Fred Swyber, the Newmarket-born manager of the excellent London house looked over to me for confirmation.

I nodded.

"And you knew my brothers as well?"

"Better," I said. "At least, one of them, George."

"Well, if you knew him, you knew the rest, and you can guess what their form is. I'm as straight as any of 'em, and *I'm* a crook!"

We would not hear of it.

"It's kind of you. But I want to know where the others get it from. My old man—you know the sort he was. Couldn't sleep if he owed you fourpence. My old lady? Why, both of 'em worked hard all their lives, and p'r'aps she worked the hardest, and, even then, just through paying up when they might have gone the judicious bankrupt, they went out of their last house a good three-thousand pound out of pocket.

"Sheer bad, honest management," he went on. "The 'Feathers' was a little gold mine if properly managed, but what are you going to do when you've got sons you're ass enough to pay more than a dollar a week and their keep, and then they put all their old pals on to champagne in the morning with a dash o' brandy?

"I've had people come in here and laugh about it. 'George,' they've said (you knew George, who was manager for father down at the 'Feathers'? and *what* a manager!), 'was a good, gay sort. Often enough we'd share a small bottle of wine together in the morning at wholesale prices. I'd pay half.'

"That certainly showed George was very generous. He only put the half-price of a small bottle of cham. at trade figure into his pocket when he might have had his full three bob! That showed a streak of good in him for his pals—and we'll suppose that he reckoned honestly that a son of the house, less use than a potman, really deserved a bottle o' wine in the mornin' just to put him right for the arduous duties of holdin' a levée of his numerous pals.

"You say the trade went when father finally chucked him out? Before that it was the money.

"Do I know where he is? No, I don't, and don't want to. I'm wearin' the pin that you saw him buy for seven quid? I am. And I've paid him a good twenty profit on it. Cost me that anyway. Came to me about last back-end, and he asked me to get him a job. I lent him a half-quid and told him to come in the mornin'. He came. I got him a fine job as manager o' one of the biggest pubs in London. Soon as flat racin' started, he got together a quid or two—no check register ever beat him—and chucks up his billet and goes racin'. Last I heard was that he borrowed money in Liverpool to get back to London, and said that was all right, as, of course, me bein' manager of this place, they'd only to call for their couple o' quid or so any time they were in London. Couple o' chaps came about it all right. They got it, too, at the finish. Paid 'em over face and eyes like the cat did the monkey. They told me to go to 'ell, and I told 'em to go back to Liverpool, which, I said, was probably a level comparison if you took note o' *their* district.

"That hurt their feelings. They came back and, from a good stone-in-hand start, yelled out that they weren't the people from Liverpool at all, but that George had put 'em up to impersonatin' 'em at half-shanks if they got the money out of me.

"That's a brother for you! And my old father and mother like what they are, too! Honest as the day. Reckon y'know it must be my mother's father he gets it from. Never hear much about *him*. Reckon he was a devil if you like; but can't you picture the gay old dog? I can, specially if he was like George. Old chap with a blue spot choker round his neck. Always a dandy, same as George is, always one eye for a pretty girl, same as George, always good for a deal, same as George. But you know—reg'lar wrong 'un: the bad streak of the family, as broad as the best bacon in him.

"You can see him as one of the old sports. My father must be sixty, so that his period would have been somewhere in the fifties. Chimney-pot hat in the West-End at night. Yes, you bet I've put my finger on him in the stud book. All the old man's side of the family were honest farmers. It's only the old lady's father we hear nothing of. And, come to think of it, the old man always looked pretty sick when he was mentioned. . . . Excuse me."

A hale and hearty, if septuagenarian, customer came in.

"Can I get you anything, sir?"

The old gentleman was regarding him with some care.

"Aren't you a Swyber, of Newmarket?" he asked.

"I am."

"H—m. Well, I knew all your people, all your father's people and mother's people, too. H—m. Yes, you *are* a Swyber, and there is very little of your mother's side of the family in you. You can thank your lucky stars for that."

"Now that's peculiar," said the young manager, rubbing his hands, "and just shows you, boys, how I was right about my maternal grandfather. Nice one, wasn't he, sir?"

"Nice one? I should think he was. Darned old psalm-singin', hymn-book-thumpin', harmonium-playin' old Stiggins. He'd ha' robbed Newmarket o' racecourses if he'd got the chance. That's the sort of chap he was."

There was a strained silence.

"Existing records of the stud book proving futile," Mr. Swyber smiled sadly, "suppose I'd better start at all my namesakes in the Newgate Calendar and work downwards."

Whether you are writing a "Centre," a cheque, or a love-letter, you will do it better if you use one of our gold-pointed fountain pens, for your thoughts will flow as freely as the ink. They cost our readers only 1s. and 12 coupons. See page 652.

OATINE
SHAVING POWDER

A UNIQUE OFFER.

Shaving is to some men one of the joys of life. To others it is a bane. "A really comfortable shave," however, is possible for all if it is conducted with the help of OATINE SHAVING POWDER, which possesses special properties whereby it lathers quickly, giving a free, smooth, lasting and agreeable lather which does not dry on the face. By reason of the special construction of the cap of the bottle it is possible to shake out just sufficient Powder for each shave, the rest of the Powder thus remaining dry and untouched.

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THIS TOILET OUTFIT IS SENT FREE.

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THE OATINE CO., 79a, Oatine Buildings, LONDON, S.E.

The Outer Man

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

SKATING KIT.

The worst of writing anything about skating at home is that it usually appears during a heat wave, and exposes the author to ribaldry. However, it is not freezing now, and so I may "chance my arm," as Tommy Atkins says when he takes a risk.

In any case, the skating costumes I have seen during the recent frost provoke me to sartorial comment. I have seen many masculine skaters who, in their attire, showed no sense of the ridiculous.

Some were in full riding kit, one even going so far as to retain his spurs—the ambulance eventually took him away—while many wore knickerbockers and leggings.

Knickerbockers are undoubtedly the most suitable integument for skating. With trousers you are apt to catch the toe or heel of the skate in them and get a nasty fall, while if you fasten them with bicycle clips they look horrid; but they should be genuine knickerbockers, not riding breeches. I do not profess to be a skating expert, but I know that to skate well your clothes should not constrict you at any point. Therefore riding breeches and leggings are banned.

Yachting costume may be loose and comfortable, but in my opinion looks incongruous skating.

BOOTS AND MUFFLERS.

Many skaters, I noticed, wore huge, heavy boots obviously ill-fitting. This again is a mistake. The skating boot should fit perfectly, though, of course, without pinching anywhere, while it should be light rather than heavy, with soles of medium thickness.

Fancy mufflers abounded. I am not complaining of them, but of the fact that many skaters kept them on while skating. This is putting a premium on colds and sore throats.

A HINT OF SPRING.

Although spring is yet afar off, spring fashions, of course, are now settled. Quietness will be the prevailing note, with dark greys, greens, and drabs the favourites. This is good news for the man of limited means. A suit of very distinctive colour or pattern is rather an expensive luxury. It becomes painfully well known, and when worn for any time shouts aloud the fact that it belongs to the season before last.

A quiet grey lounge suit for day wear is the poor man's stand-by, with blue serge in reserve for tea parties and informal evening gatherings. Well cut, and of good material, it always looks gentlemanly, and though you may wear it for years it never appears out-of-date—that is, if you avoid eccentricities of make-up.

UNIFORM OFF DUTY.

A Territorial correspondent makes an interesting suggestion. His contention is that it would popularise the commissioned ranks of the Territorials if officers were allowed to wear their mess uniform when attending the theatre or other public or semi-public functions.

As he justly points out, his mess uniform costs him a good deal of money, but he rarely wears it, and scarcely at all in public.

Of course, there is no official rule against a Territorial officer wearing his uniform at the theatre. It is simply a matter of custom, and a comparatively modern custom, for if you know your "Vanity Fair" you will remember that Major Dobbin, and other officers of that period, wore uniform at practically all times.

Even in the Regulars the custom is not universal. At some garrison towns, more especially abroad, officers are not only allowed to wear uniform when attending the theatre, but are compelled to do so by local standing orders.

I was at such a station once, and the order did not dis-

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3/6 will make it look new.

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SUITS (to measure), **30s.** to **50s.**
RAINPROOF OVERCOATS, 25s. to **45s.**
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Carriage paid. No Extras. We refund your money in full if we fail to fit you perfectly and give you complete satisfaction.

SEND TO-DAY for our Booklet "MN," our splendid range of Patterns, Fashion Plates, tape measure, copies of unsolicited testimonials, and the McKinley scientific Self-Measurement Chart, which enables anyone to take measures as accurately as an experienced tailor. They will be sent to you free and post paid. Write or call

C. & G. McKINLEY, Tailoring Specialists
(Tailoring Dept.), **7, GRESHAM STREET, LONDON, E.C.**

THE SPORTING TIMES

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When answering advertisements please mention "The Modern Man."

courage theatre-going among us, but rather encouraged it. I am sure there is a good deal of pretence about the British officers' objection to wearing his uniform off duty.

Mess dress is becoming to most men, and a man is but human if he secretly welcomes a chance of showing it and himself off to the girls.

I do not believe that an order making the wearing of uniform compulsory when an officer appears at a public entertainment would be really unpopular, and I believe it would attract men to the commissioned ranks of not only the Territorials, but the Regulars, and the latter are very short of officers. I should like also to see the Territorial rank and file wearing uniform on what may be described as public occasions.

Of course, some men would object, saying that they do not want to "label" themselves, but that point of view is a little hard to understand. It seems to me that a man is either fond of his uniform or he is not.

A CHANCE TO DISTINGUISH YOURSELF.

Probably it will be long before an order for compulsory uniform will be issued—Keir Hardie and his like would shriek about militarism, and, as you know, the Army is governed by politicians; but, as I have remarked, there is no official rule against an officer wearing his uniform off-duty.

The question, however, is who will take that first step which costs so much?

To the first officer, Regular or Territorial, who will visit the stalls of the Gaiety Theatre wearing his "regimentals," I shall have much pleasure in awarding a handsome putty medal.

I must stipulate that I am to be informed beforehand of the evening of his visit, so that I may be there to see the fun. My own impression is that even if he succeeded in getting past the attendants, he would soon be forcibly ejected.

TAILORS' ART.

The pictorial advertisements issued by tailors often amuse me—unintentionally.

I sometimes wonder who designs them, for they betray not only a lack of a sense of humour, but a sad lack of knowledge of the elementary principles of being well dressed —in the more particular sense of being suitably dressed, which, of course, is the same thing.

For instance, I have before me a picture advertising a certain make of mackintosh. It represents a young man who, apparently out for a country walk, has paused to sit on a stile and smoke a cigarette, though the rain is beating down on him in torrents, and he has no umbrella.

He wears a cloth cap, the mackintosh in question, smartly cut trousers, and patent leather button-boots. 'Nuff said!

SKI BOOTS.

In a bootmaker's shop I noticed the other day a prominent display of boots for ski-ing. Ski-ing is a sport I have never indulged in, and is one beyond the reach of most of us, but I was interested in these boots.

Not that there was anything unusual in their make. They were stout, though well-cut boots, but they were black boots, and they were fitted with white laces.

Not knowing ski, I speak with diffidence, and there may be some particular use or virtue in wearing black boots with white laces for the sport, but the combination struck me as ugly, even as vulgar, and as incongruous and inharmonious as would be white cricket boots with black laces.

Perhaps, however, there is a *raison d'être* for white laces for ski-ing, and, if so, I should be very much obliged to anyone who would enlighten my ignorance.

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